CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

Maclean's

MARCH 9, 1981

$1.00



OUR NEXT QUEEN

Lady Diana Spencer

Joe Clark: The mourning after



MARCH 9, 1981 CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE VOL. 94 NO. 10

Maclean's



COVER PHOTOGRAPH BY ALLIED ARTISTS

COVER STORY

Our next Queen

While champagne corks popped in the palace offices and on the royal estates, crowds gathered outside the gates of Buckingham Palace and the stock market soared. Lady Diana Spencer would marry Prince Charles in July. Described as the perfect choice—a girl with a history but no past—19-year-old Lady Di has impeccable family credentials and has already proved her mettle in dealing with a relentless press —*Page 25*



Mourning the morning

Joe Clark survived his leadership review, but with wounds that are likely mortal —*Page 33*

CONTENTS

Editorial	3
Passages	4
Letters	4
Podium	10
Follow-up	12
Dateline	16
Profile	22
Cover story	25
U.S.A.	31
Canada	33
Business	42
Roderick McQueen	44
People	46
Sports	48
Justice	50
Agriculture	53
Advertising	56
Barbara Amiel	60
Lifestyles	61
Books	62
Films	64
Theatre	66
Art	70
Allan Fotheringham	72

MACLEAN'S, established 1905, is published and printed weekly by Maclean Hunter Limited, 481 University Avenue, Toronto, Ont. M5W 1A7. Montreal office: 625 President Kennedy Ave., Montreal H3A 1K5. Vancouver office: Ste. 600, 1111 Melville St., Vancouver V6E 3V6. Contents Copyright © 1981 by Maclean Hunter; may not be reprinted without permission. Printed in Canada. Canadian Second-class mail registration number 1200. Second-class postage paid at Buffalo, New York, for U.S. subscribers. U.S. Postmasters, send form 3579 to: Maclean's, P.O. Box 4541, Buffalo, N.Y. 14240. Maclean's ISSN 0024-9262. Subscription prices: Canada 1 year $26, U.S.A. 1 year $33, All other countries, 1 year $40. Change of address: Send current address label, new address, and date of move to: Subscription Department, Maclean's, P.O. Box 1500, Postal Station A, Toronto M5W 2S8. Allow six weeks.

A Maclean Hunter publication.



Chilly winds

Reagan's team is playing a more aggressive game—and the prime adversary is Moscow —*Page 31*



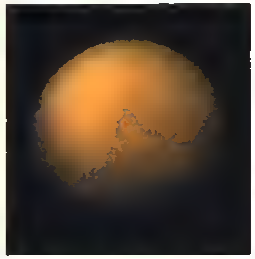
Pulpit power

Fundamentalists in the U.S. revolve around the Moral Majority's Jerry Falwell —*Page 22*



The scourge of Wall Street

The market drops when Joe Granville says 'sell.' In April, he's predicting an earthquake —*Page 47*



Renewed interest in Titan

Full analysis of Voyager I data hints at rich life possibilities on Saturn's moon. —*Page 49*



Answers to Canada's search for energy self-sufficiency lie with a few committed men and women. Some of them wear the blue and yellow of Suncor.

Suncor Inc is a new word in the complex world of energy. It means many things.



Suncor means innovation. Innovation that taught the world how to extract energy from Alberta's massive Athabasca oil sands.

Suncor means exploration...and drilling for conventional oil and natural gas. Drilling at a rate that has doubled over the last three years.

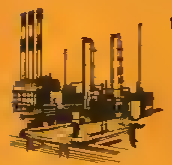
Suncor



It means imagination...that has helped further a new technology that is so vital to the development of 'heavy' oil.

It means refining...and petrochemicals. And enormous financial investment. In order to increase the usable potential of each barrel of crude.

It means consumer products for your car. Products that are designed for efficiency and conservation.





But, above all, Suncor means commitment. Commitment to Canada and the search for energy self-sufficiency.

Suncor. In search of the answers.

EDITORIAL

Clark's score—the measure of a man minus the magic to win



By Peter C. Newman

By the time the last ballot in the PC leadership review had been counted, Joe Clark was left with only one graceful exit: the personal courage to make the best of a bad situation. This has been his greatest contribution to Canadian politics and has allowed him to command the affection, if not respect, of his party. It is terrible for a politician to lack bravery in the face of fire—even if the shots are coming from his own troops. But courage can only transport a man out of his personal terror; it would take very different qualities, or a stunning change of circumstance, to re-establish the Man from Yellowhead as a credible national leader.

The Tory spectacle had the sad aura about it of a bunch of confused kids mucking about in quicksand, determined to preserve Canada as a one-party Liberal state. (The television technicians, looking like moon men under their electronic apparatus, allowed us a quick glimpse of Robert Stanfield. It was a reminder that the Tories not only eat their young, but swallow their old.)

Then there was the Clark speech itself. Just before the convention started, the CBC ran a spot for Pampers—the new-style synthetic diapers—which ended with the animated, porous pad telling the baby it was [illegible] of yet another election as the price of solving its leadership problem.

covering "You deserve all the dryness I can give you." Clark's mixture of homilies that followed had all the inspiration of a soggy diaper.

His passage up to the platform remained the highlight of his appearance. He made his way through the cheering throng (nearly all of them wearing Clark badges, but at least a third of them feeling murder in their hearts) doing precisely the right thing: grabbing delegates with that possessive pat on the shoulder and tight grip on the forearm that makes the spear carriers of the political world think they're one of the chosen.

That's always been Joe Clark's problem. He has memorized all the correct gestures, he champions many of the right causes and he can organize anything down to a chicken coop. What he can't do, what he can never learn—because it's either born in you or it's not—is how to transmit that magical electricity to a crowd.

The revival of the national Progressive Conservative party is essential to Canada's future. Even Joe Clark's ardent supporters must now realize that his political effectiveness has been used up, that there is nothing in his cause worth the sacrifice of keeping it alive. No [illegible]

Maclean's March 9, 1981

Editor
Peter C. Newman

Managing Editor
Roderick M. McQueen

Assistant Managing Editor
Colin MacKenzie

Senior Editor
Angela Ferrante

Art Director Nick Burnett

National Editors, Gerald Anglin, Alan Walker

Foreign Editor David North

Entertainment Editor Ann Johnston

Professions Editor Rona Maynard

Front Section Editors, Michael Clugston, Dorsen Guthrie

Business Editor Anthony Whittingham

Sports Editor Hal Quinn

People Editor Marsha Boulton

Senior Writers, Barbara Amiel, Warren Gerard, Roy MacGregor, Jane O'Hara, Val Ross

Associate Editor James Fleming

Assistant Editors: Gillian MacKay, Ian Pearson, June Rogers

Bureaus
Ottawa: Robert Lewis (Chief), Ian Anderson, John Hay, Susan Riley
British Columbia: Thomas Hopkins (Vancouver)
Alberta: Suzanne Zwarun (Calgary)
Quebec: David Thomas (Montreal)
Washington: Michael Posner
New York: Lawrence O'Toole

Chief of Research: Arlene Arnason

Librarian, Mary Sheppard

Copy Editor: Jeanette Speers

Editorial Controller: Valerie Chrysdale

Correspondents
Whitehorse: Katherine Lawrence, *Yellowknife:* Anne Profenno, *Edmonton:* Wayne Skene, *Regina:* Dale Eisler, *Winnipeg:* Peter Carlyle-Gordge, *Toronto:* Gerry McAuliffe, *Fredericton:* David Folster, *Halifax:* Sue Calhoun, *Charlottetown:* Kennedy Wells, *St. John's:* Geoff Hunt

Accra: Cameron Duodu, *Athens:* Michele Boulanger, *Auckland:* Edward Reynolds, *Bangkok:* David Allen, *Beirut:* Sean Toolan, *Belgrade:* Michael Dobbs, *Berlin:* Leslie Colitt, *Bogota:* Timothy Ross, *Brussels:* Peter Lewis, *Buenos Aires:* James Neilson, *Colombo:* Warner Troyer, *Dublin:* Brendan Keenan, *Gaborone:* Robert Marshall, *Geneva:* Ian Guest, *Hong Kong:* Brian Jeffries, *Jerusalem:* Eric Silver, *London:* Chris Dunkley, Carol Kennedy, Ian Mather, *Los Angeles:* William Scobie, *Lusaka:* John Horrell, *Madrid:* David Baird, *Manila:* Richard Vokey, *Nairobi:* Greg Wilesmith, *New Delhi:* Peter Niesewand, *Nassau:* Andrew Borowiec, *Paris:* Marc McDonald, *Reykjavik:* Haraldur H. Hamar, *Rio de Janeiro:* George Hawrylyshyn, *Rome:* David Willey, *San Salvador:* Alma Guillermoprieto, *Santiago:* Mary Helen Spooner, *Sydney:* Philip Grenard, *The Hague:* Mike Ramsey, *Tokyo:* Stephen Brent, *Vienna:* Anton Koene, Sue Masterman

Contributing Editors: Mark Abley, John Ayre, Rita Christopher, Mark Czarnecki, Hubert de Santana, Terence Dickinson, Erbe Frankel, Wayne Grigsby, Cheryl Hawkes, Marni Jackson, David Livingstone, William Lowther, John Masters, Linda McQuaig

Production Editor Jocelyn Hillman

Art Staff:
Chris Dahl (Assistant Art Director)
Tom Meis (Senior Designer)
Deborah Fadden, Don Palkowski
Elizabeth Sousa (Assistant Designers)

Publisher
Group Vice-President, Magazine Divisions
Lloyd M. Hodgkinson

Associate Publisher/Director of Advertising:
James M. Miller

Circulation Manager Terry Maiden

Advertising Sales Manager Donald A. Laiken

Special Projects/Promotion Manager
J. Robert Livingstone

Sales Development Manager Paul C. Jones

Research Manager Sharon A. Murray

Advertising Production Manager Vernon Bertram

Customer Service Supervisor Susan Ramondt

Maclean's is published by Maclean Hunter Limited

Chairman and Chief Executive Officer
Donald G. Campbell

President
Frederick T. Metcalf

Vice-President, Printing Division
John Greenhough

Photo Editor Cheryl Shoji
Ana Finlayson (Assistant Photo Editor)
Shona McKay (Photo Researcher)
Monika Croydon (Photo Librarian)
Hilary Forrest (Photo Assistant)

Chief Staff Photographer: Brian Willer

Assistant Copy Editors: Kate Carey, Jennifer Wells

Assistant to the Editor Marijke Leupen

Assistant to the Managing Editor Frances McNeely

Researchers, Carol Bruman, David Byrne, Nancy Wilson Lyon, Ann MacGregor, Tom MacGregor, Barbara Matthews, Catherine Rodd, Bob Scott

Assistant Librarian Roberta Grant

Library Assistant, Kevin Gregg

Editorial Assistants, Cindy Barrett, Lonnie Campell, Kathryn Maloney

Wire Room Superintendent: Ken Asquith

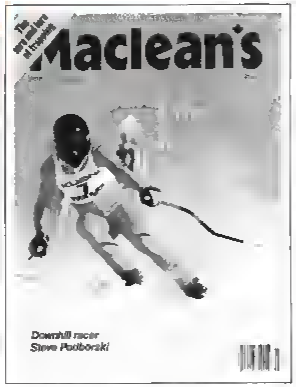
LETTERS

Leader of the pack

I really liked your cover story on the national ski team, especially the focus on Steve Podborski (*Life in the Fast Track*, Feb 16) It was fantastic Top Canadian competitors should get more coverage like this We have a wealth of talent in this country which very few Canadians ever get to hear about. Keep up the good work —GEOFF TOMLINSON, *Nepean, Ont.*

As it could have happened

In her column *A Question of Qualified Support* (Feb 16), Barbara Amiel refers to an *As It Happens* interview with a representative of the Mozambique information ministry about her incarceration in that country. She then says "The CBC did not see fit to call us for rebuttal." In fact, she was called. The story Ms Amiel refers to was aired Jan 15 That morning, *As It Happens* had learned through our Ottawa producer that the Mozambique government had made a statement denying some of her charges This advanced Ms Amiel's original story, which had appeared in the *Toronto Star* the previous Saturday, and the program decided to try to reach both her and the Mozambique government for comment To this end, an *As It Happens* producer called *Maclean's* magazine and was told Ms Amiel had returned to Canada and would be in the office that afternoon *As It Happens* subsequently left messages at *Maclean's* and with Ms Amiel's personal answering service The producer checked back at these numbers, along with that of Sam Blyth, Ms Amiel's travelling companion, all afternoon Unfortunately, she could not be reached —COLIN MACLEOD
Head, Radio Current Affairs, CBC, Toronto



Steve Podborski: wealth of hidden talent

Too close to home

I was appalled after reading your article *The Tattered Fabric of the City's Homeless* (Datelne, Feb 9) My first instinct was to accuse the citizens of New York City for allowing such a situation to exist. But then I realized New York's only crime was to beat Canada to the punch We are doing the same here Our provincial government is implementing deinstitutionalization, and the federal and provincial governments are giving tax breaks and grants to developers and landlords who practise white-painting I, like most Canadians, am far too willing to criticize Americans without stopping to see how guilty we are ourselves —MARY GARRETT, *Ottawa, Ont.*

I now pronounce you unemployed

The unfortunate situation described in *Paul and Susan and Peter and Marilyn* (Canada, Feb. 23) has many ramifications, most of which will doubtless be aired before the provincial human rights commission and in the courts One aspect of the case that ought not to be overlooked is whether or not the church is to be "granted" the civil rights to offer its social services in a manner consistent with its perception of the will of God for man and woman—and that without penalty

—REV CHARLES C COCHRANE
Waterloo, Ont.

Wherever I look there is a sense of desperation in North America due, in my opinion, to the dysfunction of the home and family I feel that part of the problem is the loss of the sanctity of marriage and all it represents Of all people who should understand this, it should be the Children's Aid Society Shame on CAS Director Marilyn Peers for putting intellectual acumen before moral dignity and Christian ethics in supporting the cause of a couple living in common law to act as house parents in a group home —A C WOOD,
Burlington, Ont.

PASSAGES



HONORED: Newfoundland Premier **Brian Peckford**, 38, chosen as one of the five annual Vanier Award winners as an outstanding young Canadian of 1980. The citation praises his "personal improvement, political achievements and concern for his province and country"

DIED: John Oliver Blick, 65, following a short illness in Winnipeg. A former schoolteacher and wartime pilot, Blick dominated the western broadcasting industry and revolutionized radio by introducing remote broadcasts and news every hour. He founded CJOB in 1946 after persuading Winnipeg financiers that his radio ideas were sound

ELECTED: Chun Doo-hwan, 50, as president of South Korea A former army intelligence chief, Chun has been serving as president since **Choi Kyu-hah** resigned in a general uprising last May Calling for a "democratic welfare state," Chun's followers have since banned all political parties and purged most of their opposition, including **Kim Dae-jung**, whose death sentence was recently commuted



HIRED Mary Cunningham, 29, by Joseph E Seagram and Sons Inc., the U.S. subsidiary of the Montreal-based Seagram Company. Cunningham, the Bendix Corp vice-president who was forced to resign in October when her meteoric career was linked to a romantic liaison with company Chairman **William Agee**, will serve as the vice-president in charge of strategic planning and project development

RELEASED British missionary hostages **John** and **Audrey Coleman**, both 57, and **Jean Waddell**, 58, held in Tehran since last August for espionage Iran has admitted the evidence against them was trumped up by a mentally unbalanced Iranian Anglican. A fourth Briton, 57-year-old businessman **Andrew Pyke**, remains in captivity

DIED. Howard Hanson, 84, American composer and conductor, of a stroke at his home in Rochester, N Y Best known for his *Elegy in Memory of Serge Koussevitzky*, the former director of the Eastman School of Music won the Pulitzer Prize in 1944 for *Symphony No. 4*.



DIED Historian **Bertie Wilkinson**, 83, in Toronto One of the top three medievalists in the world, Wilkinson made his reputation on scholarly publications from *The Chancery Under Edward III* in 1929 through *The Creation of Medieval Parliaments* in 1972

Bacardi rum. Sip it before you add the cola.



See? Bacardi is beautiful by itself. Clean. Light. Smooth-tasting. That's why it goes so smoothly with so many mixers. So pour on the cola, the ginger ale, the juice or the lemon-lime. When you start it with Bacardi, you can bet you'll enjoy it. For a good food and drink recipe booklet, write FBM Distillery Co. Ltd., P.O. Box 368, Brampton, Ontario L6V2L3.

Get to know the real taste of Bacardi rum.

BACARDI RUM IS PRODUCED BY SPECIAL AUTHORITY AND UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF BACARDI & COMPANY LIMITED. BACARDI AND BAT DEVICE ARE REGISTERED TRADEMARKS OF BACARDI & COMPANY LIMITED. BOTTLED BY FBM DISTILLERY CO. LTD., CANADA

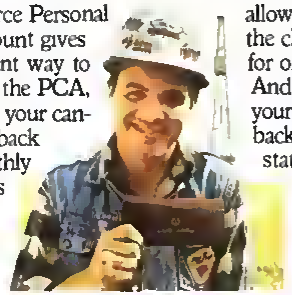
COUNT ON THE COMMERCE FOR THE THINGS YOU NEED IN A BANK.

AND MORE.

Choosing one bank over another is probably a matter of which one can best meet your specific needs. Take a look at what the Commerce can offer you.

PERSONAL CHEQUING MAKES BOOKKEEPING EASY.

A Commerce Personal Chequing Account gives you a convenient way to pay bills. With the PCA, you get most of your cancelled cheques back with your monthly statement. This accounting can make your bookkeeping easier.



KEY ACCOUNT BUYS YOU A BANKFUL OF SERVICES.

This account is specifically designed for those people who write more than a few cheques every month, and qualify for a Commerce VISA* card. The Commerce Key Account allows you to write all the cheques you want for one low monthly fee. And you get most of your cancelled cheques back with your monthly statement. Your Key Account also includes fully customized cheques, and a reduced rate on safety deposit boxes. There's no service charge for money orders, travellers cheques or paying bills normally payable at the Bank.



What's more, Key Account entitles you to a preferred interest rate on most Commerce Personal loans, and provides overdraft protection.

*Commerce Registered User of Mark.

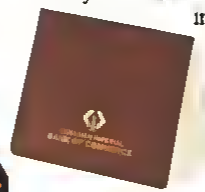
SENIOR KEY ACCOUNT IS FREE OF CHARGE FOR 'OVER 60's'.

As a Senior Key Account customer, you can pay bills normally payable at the Bank, without charge, and you can write all the cheques you want on your chequing account, free. What's more, your Senior Savings and Senior Daily Interest Savings Account interest rate is adjusted and credited each December 1 to reflect the annual rate of inflation, based on the Consumer Price Index. It's our way of saying, you've earned it.



CHEQUING SAVINGS. YOUR BANKING IN ONE HANDY BOOK.

The Chequing Savings Account is the one to choose if you only write a few cheques every month. This account earns interest on your minimum half-yearly balance and is paid April 30th and October 31st. And with the Chequing Savings Account, all your transactions are recorded in one convenient passbook, your cancelled cheques are kept in safekeeping.

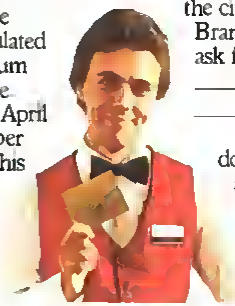


DAILY INTEREST SAVINGS FOR BALANCES THAT GO UP AND DOWN.

The Daily Interest Savings Account is ideal if your balance fluctuates during the month. It pays a competitive rate of interest calculated on your daily closing balance. Interest is paid April 30th and October 31st. This account has no chequing privileges, but there's no charge for withdrawals.

REGULAR SAVINGS MAKES MORE OF YOUR MONEY.

When you have a long-term goals, such as buying a car or sending a son or daughter to college, the Regular Savings Account will make more of your money. This passbook account offers a high rate of interest calculated on your minimum monthly balance. Interest is paid April 30th and October 31st. Although this account has no chequing privileges, there's no charge for withdrawals.



NOW BANKING IS A LOT EASIER.

These two cards can simplify your transactions. The internationally recognized Commerce VISA card can be used for everyday purchases at participating merchants and cash advances at participating banks. The Commerce VISA card, or if you prefer, the Commerce Convenience Card, is used to make the InterBranch Banking Service and the Commerce Instant Teller service work for you. Ask about them at any branch.

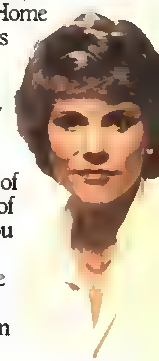


InterBranch Banking

With InterBranch Banking you don't have to plan your day around getting to your branch. If you have your Commerce personal account at any of our InterBranch Banking locations across the city, you can do most of your everyday banking at any other Commerce branch in the city displaying the InterBranch Banking sign. Please ask for details.

AND MORE.

Of course our services don't stop with chequing and savings accounts. We offer a whole range of services and savings options including term deposits and our Home Ownership Savings Plan. The Commerce, with more branches than any other bank in Canada, can offer you more of the kind of service you need. And that's some thing you can count on.



CANADIAN IMPERIAL BANK OF COMMERCE

COUNT ON THE COMMERCE.

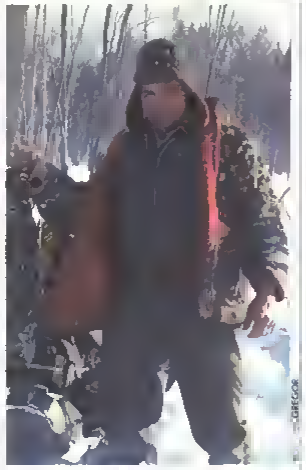
All creatures great and small

We must commend you and Roy MacGregor on your article *Shadows of An Ancient Calling* (Outdoors, Feb 16) Your readers will have learnt something of the anormity of the slaughter of these sentient creatures, and something, too, of the attitudes of the persons, both customer and supplier, guilty of supporting it. Most important, they will be reminded that those who carry on and maintain this vicious trade are ignoring all moral considerations for the sake of sport, profit or mere ostentatious dress —MICHAEL BELEC
President, Animal Defence League of Canada, Ottawa

Quality not quantity

In his editorial *How CBC-2 Can Save Our Kids From Becoming Mork and Mindy* (Feb 2), Peter C Newman argues that Canadians need access to a second CBC channel to overcome the influence of American programming As one of the many thousands of Canadians who are not yet served by the CBC's existing network, I feel that "a relatively nominal sum of $30 million" would be better spent by extending CBC coverage to include local stations in all provinces and in all cities with a population of 40,000 or more Victoria needs its first CBC station far more than Ontario's asphalt triangle needs CBC-2.
—KELLY BERT MANNING,
Victoria, B.C.

If Peter C Newman thinks we are getting too much of *Mork and Mindy* and *Three's Company*, I suggest it is entirely the fault of the CBC In fact, both those shows are purchased by the CBC for rebroadcast To allow the CBC to establish another network would be to condone what they have done to date
—DAVID WINEBERG,
Ottawa



Hunter Lahmann: anormity of slaughter

No, we don't need another CBC channel. What we do need is quality homegrown programs on the CBC channel we already have Aftar all, man cannot live by documentaries alone.
—HEATHER HAMM
Calgary

An optional view

In my opinion, your interpretative piece *Another Ace in His Sleeve* (World, Feb 9) showed a deep lack of understanding and perception of Philippine politics Your conclusion that the recent lifting of martial rule was influenced by the election of Ronald Reagan and the visit of Pope John Paul II is hard to believe As early as the summer of 1978, President Marcos publicly announced his firm intention to lift martial law "within 18 months" In setting out to prove your point, that the whole exercise was a "charade," you conveniently failed to mention the real effects of the termination of martial rule the abolition of military rula, relinquishment by President Marcos of his emergency powers, restoration of the writ of habeas corpus, freedom of the press and freedom of assembly Instead of enlightening your readers, the article did them a disservice
—HONORIO T CAGAMPAN,
Consul General, Consulate General of The Philippines, Toronto

A factual follow-up

We would like to inform you that in Allan Fotheringham's column *New Lamps for Old* (Feb 2), the Business Day referred to was presented by the students of the faculty of management of the University of Calgary, and not of the University of Alberta We would like to add that those who attended Business Day thoroughly enjoyed Mr Fotheringham's after-dinner address He provided a much-needed satire of the Canadian political situation.
—G W RING,
Acting Chairman, Faculty of Management, University of Calgary, Calgary

It was interesting to note that Allan Fotheringham mentioned the magazine *Alberta Report*, saying that "it will be the first national magazine published in Alberta." I am glad that Fotheringham is aware of this magazine, but wonder why he is not aware of such national magazines as *Energy Processing/Canada, Propane/Canada, Canadian Petroleum* and, of course, the Maclean-Hunter publication, *Oilweek*.
—MAX L. MALDEN
Managing Editor, Energy Processing/Canada, Propane/Canada

Food for thought

Stanley Roberts, the western troubleshooter galloping into the sunrise of the Canadian Chamber of Commerce presidency, is an entrepreneur whose nutritional facts are faulty. In your article *The Liberals' Man-For-All-Regions?* (Profile, Feb 2), Roberts said that Pablum was invented as a pig starter Wrong, wrong, wrong! Pablum was developed at the nutritional research laboratories of the Toronto Hospital for Sick Children in 1930 by doctors Frederick Tisdall and Theodore Drake as an infant food —CHARLES W TISDALL,
Toronto

Letters are edited and may be condensed. Writers should supply their full name and address, and mail correspondence to: Letters to the Editor Maclean's magazine, 481 University Ave. Toronto, Ontario M5W 1A7

Subscribers' Moving Notice

Send correspondence to: Maclean's Box 1600 Station A Toronto Ontario M5W 2B8

Name _____

New Address _____

City _____ Prov _____

Postal code

My moving date is _____

My old address label is attached
My new address is on this coupon

☐ I wish to subscribe to Maclean's. Send me 52 issues for only $26 $33 in the U.S. $40 in all other countries.

☐ Bill me
☐ I enclose $_____

SZAH7

ATTACH OLD ADDRESS LABEL HERE AND MAIL IMMEDIATELY!

I also subscribe to ( ) Chatelaine and/or ( ) FLARE and enclose old address labels from those magazines as well

Star quality.

Five Star's secret of success:
the extra smoothness and quality
that is unmistakably Seagram's.

Reach for the Star. Seagram's Five Star.



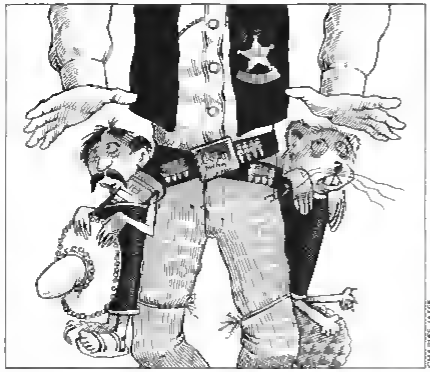
Let's hold our fire and listen



'Reagan does not turn to his neighbors for sentimental reasons'

By Nils Ørvik

Now that Ronald Reagan is president of the United States, I think it's high time that Canada took a long hard look at the future of its disorderly relations with the powerful neighbor to the south. Big brother is knocking! How will we respond? By putting Prime Minister Trudeau and President Portillo of Mexico among the first foreign leaders to be scheduled for top-level talks, Reagan made it clear that Washington's neighbors to the north and the south will have a high priority. All the same, the Reagan administration has taken a strong stand on a number of important foreign policy issues which deviate not only from the policies of his predecessor, but from traditional Canadian approaches to the same issues. There will be a harder line against Communist advances in Asia and Africa, more emphasis on nuclear weapons, and a much tougher position toward the Soviet Union which could wipe out whatever is left of détente. Reagan has already asked for $7.2 billion for military outlays and has budgeted 24 per cent of all government spending for defence. He will expect the NATO allies to follow suit.



CHARLES ADAMS

It is too early to tell whether this new hard line will also apply to our bilateral relations: the coastal fishing disputes, a renegotiated auto pact, energy issues and NORAD, among others. But it seems safe to assume that we will be faced with a series of direct and pointed questions as to where Canada stands, what we want and where we plan to go—and with whom. It is, of course, impossible to develop a comprehensive formula for a Canadian response. But it would be unwise to leave the whole spectrum of Canadian-American relations to be dealt with pragmatically on an ad hoc basis. Though we cannot predict future twists and turns, we might do well to discuss basic attitudes and general approaches on how to respond.

There are, in my opinion, two basic choices. One is to act in the spirit of 1812 and regard all American overtures as potential threats to our national independence. The other is to welcome the renewed American interest as an opportunity to engage in closer bilateral co-operation on a more equal level than has been the case in the past. Because of the difference in size and power, an American move toward closer relations will always contain an element of threat. On the other hand, deeper involvement may offer opportunities for exerting influence.

While some of us may reject the over-all threat perception, there is no escape from the reality of economic dependence. The U.S. accounts for about 70 per cent of our foreign trade, and intensified relations might push this figure even higher. With so much of our economic potential tied down south of the border, how can we prevent the Americans from forcing us into arrangements that are not to our advantage? If we do not want to make a farce of our claim to national independence, is there any other choice than to fight, resist and obstruct?

One can see how strained emotions could lead to such propositions. But if we should choose a policy of maximal resistance, we would have to compensate for our own weakness by getting support from other stronger nations. This lies at the core of our long-standing policy of diversification, but we have tried it before and it has not met our expectations. The fact that the Americans have the means to put pressure on the Canadian government does not mean that they will necessarily do so. If a weapon is self-destructive, it may not be used. Reagan does not turn to his neighbors for sentimental reasons. He wants closer ties with Canada and Mexico because America's global policy is in trouble. In most parts of the world, the U.S. is met with doubts and skepticism. While the outer fences are being repaired, Reagan hopes to stabilize his home base. He reaches out because he needs our support. As long as this is the case, our diplomatic, political and other contributions may outweigh the economic weaknesses and bring a new element of balance into our relations.

While we clearly stand to gain more in every sense by working with the Americans, there will always be a need for some kind of criterion by which we can decide whether to resist or to support. The closest we come to an applicable yardstick is through the old, ambiguous concept of the "national interest." The Americans will refrain from crushing our economy because this will not be in their interest. For our part, we must ask ourselves whether proposed actions are in *our* interest.

The need for a better understanding of the national interest as a guide to our foreign policy is particularly relevant to the present struggle over the constitution. We stand little chance of handling Canadian-American relations to our advantage if each province is first to decide what is in its interest and then has Ottawa present the disjointed package on behalf of the nation. Trudeau's style may rub some Canadians the wrong way, but on the constitutional issue he is right. In an era of intensified Canadian-American rapprochement, a strong, centralized government is a prerequisite for developing the active, mutually beneficial co-operation that both nations want and need.

Dependence does not necessarily mean subservience. Let me quote an old Scandinavian proverb: "If small, walk tall!" We are a much smaller nation than the U.S., but if we know what we want and where we are going, and stubbornly persist in "walking tall" in any co-operative arrangement, we stand a fair chance of prevailing.

Nils Ørvik is director of the Centre for International Relations at Queen's University, Kingston.



FOLLOW-UP

Something in a happy ending?



STEVE ISHAL

The Johanssons: two innocent victims

The small Swedish village of Vrigstad sits in hilly farm and forest country about three hours' drive from the famous port city of Göteborg—and a long way from Boiestown, N.B. Nonetheless, Vrigstad is where the former Lynn Palmar of Boiestown has decided to make her home as the wife of a young Swedish forestry worker, Folke Johansson. Only a few months ago, none of this seemed possible to Lynn after she and Folke became innocent victims of a shooting spree on an American street.

One evening early last March Lynn and Folke, then her fiancé, were taking an after-dinner stroll in Baton Rouge, La., where he had gone on a forestry job for his Swedish employer. Suddenly a shot rang out, and Lynn fell to the pavement. More bullets followed, 12 shots in all. Lynn was hit twice, Folke, trying to shield her, three times. In the aftermath it became obvious that the gunman, 23-year-old David Edwards, had mistaken Lynn for his own wife, whom he had planned to kill. Charged with two counts of attempted murder, he pleaded guilty last fall and was sentenced to a minimum of 10 years in prison.

For Lynn, 20, the sentence is longer. She is now a paraplegic, with bullets irretrievably lodged in her spine and near her tailbone—doctors have told her she will never walk again. She had three months of rehabilitation at Toronto's St. Michael's Hospital before returning to Boiestown last June. By fall she had made the difficult decision to return Folke's engagement ring. However, her 25-year-old suitor, whom she met at a birthday party in Boiestown in 1978, proved stubborn, and he kept telephoning even after he went back to Sweden. Finally, he called to say he was returning to Canada for Christmas and to make plans for the wedding. They were married Dec. 17 in one of the bigger social events in Boiestown, a village about 72 km north of Fredericton. "Everyone had been so good to her that we didn't bother with invitations," says Lynn's mother, Catherine. "We wanted to welcome everyone."

Another big welcoming celebration greeted the Johanssons when they arrived in Vrigstad in January. Now they have rented a house, and at last life is settling into a routine. Folke, who lost part of a kidney in the shooting and still experiences some pain, is working again, and Lynn busies herself with cooking and housecleaning. She's looking forward to June "when I start my courses in Swedish." Adds her husband: "We have lots of friends, and they're all supporting us."

—DAVID FOLSTER

Merit THE LOOK THAT GETS THE LOOKS.



BAILEYS

ORIGINAL IRISH CREAM

THE IRISH WHISKEY AND CREAM SPIRIT, THAT CAPTURES THE MAGIC OF IRELAND.

IRELAND is a magical land.

An emerald isle of castles, history and legends.

Whose people dwell, not thinking it strange, 'twixt Georgian mansions, Viking villages and ancient Celtic monuments standing untouched.

Gazing in eloquent silence, out over rolling green hills and lush, pastoral countrysides, that even Time itself, dares not disturb.

This too, is the land of Baileys Original Irish Cream. A spirit that is a magically perfect blend of smooth, pure Irish cream, and precious, real Irish whiskey. There is no taste on earth like Baileys. It is, in every sense, an Original. And "magical," is not an unworthy description of its luxurious flavour.

Consider our cream. Something Ireland is proud of, and justly famous for. Its special qualities are a gift from the land itself. From tranquil, endlessly green and unspoiled pastures. From shamrock-fringed fields of clover and calm.

And Irish whiskey, called in Gaelic, "uisce beatha," and unique in all the world. Soft Irish mists, ocean winds and sparkling clean air help make it so. How could it be otherwise, in a land where a man can stand on the smooth Wicklow Hills behind Dublin, and see clear across the Irish Sea to the mountains of Wales?

We are delighted to be able to share this treasured spirit with you.

Ladies and gentlemen, we give you, Baileys Original Irish Cream.







"SUCCESS DEMANDS EXTRA EFFORT FROM EVERYONE, BECAUSE IT'S THE EXTRA EFFORT THAT PUTS YOU AHEAD AND KEEPS YOU THERE."

Tom Read, Manager of the Royal Insurance Commercial Branch in Toronto, Ontario, gives a first-hand account of what it's like to deal with the largest general insurance company in Canada

Q. *HOW DOES ROYAL'S SIZE WORK TO ADVANTAGE FOR THE PEOPLE YOU INSURE?*

A. There are very few companies that can give you the all-round risk protection we can, in one complete package. One of the benefits that come with having Royal cover all your risks is that you have more control over your total protection portfolio, and there's less chance of leaving some part of your business unprotected. If there's any overlapping in coverage, you have no problems with who is responsible. If you have both your fire and your boiler insurance with us, there's no questioning whether the boiler blew up and started the fire or the fire started and blew up the boiler.

Because of our size, we have a tremendous spread of people across Canada, the U.S. and the rest of the world. If you have any need for information or service worldwide, we can provide it quickly and accurately.

Q. *WHAT DO YOU LOOK FOR FROM THE PEOPLE IN YOUR OWN BRANCH?*

A. What I like to see is enthusiasm, someone who's got real fire and desire. We're in a very, very competitive business. Any place we fall down, someone else picks up. There's only a certain amount of business to go round, and we certainly want our share. We need people who have an inner urge to do the job right, and who want to show that they're doing it right.

Q. *HOW CAN YOU KEEP ENTHUSIASM ALIVE AND GROWING IN A COMPANY THE SIZE OF ROYAL?*

A. One of the inevitable facts about insurance is that it takes a long time to learn the business. You have to start from the bottom and work up. We try to help by giving our people every possible opportunity to learn, putting a lot of attention on staff development, training people to improve their skills. Today, studying within Royal has increased immeasurably, and we have more people working toward university and insurance institute degrees than ever before.

Q. *DO YOU SEE INSURANCE AS AN ART OR A SCIENCE?*

A. It's a science to a high degree, because we do have records and statistics we've built up over the years. But every risk is different and the art comes in when you have to evaluate the potential, the possibilities of what might happen. And you'll never find the answer to that in a book. On the surface, it may seem that everyone has the same statistics to work with. All insurance companies do share a certain amount of information, but what you do with it depends on your philosophy, the way you train people, the way you do business.

Q. *HOW DO YOU STAY AHEAD OF THE COMPETITION?*

A. Success demands extra effort from everyone, because it's the extra effort that puts you ahead and keeps you there. This has rewarded us in the past and I'm sure it will continue to reward us in the future. Since we have branches right across Canada, our people can assemble information coming in from all the provinces and work out rating programs most appropriate for the trends that develop. We're also in daily contact with brokers and independent agents. They tell us what their clients are asking for, what changes in thought they're going through, what kind of protection needs have to be met. We're always looking to meet the needs of the market and we're ready to reorganize to meet those needs.

Q. *AS A CLIENT, WHY SHOULD I BE PLEASED WHEN MY AGENT OR BROKER RECOMMENDS ROYAL?*

A. To begin with, you'd be dealing with a large, knowledgeable and solid company with financial strength. We have a unique set-up here in our branch, something known as the "Underwriting Room". Briefly, this is a department of specialized underwriters who can consult with our agents and brokers in a round table concept. This enables us to analyze any risk and provide an equitably-priced program tailor-made to a client's needs.

As far as claims go, our philosophy is to make certain our policyholders get every cent they're entitled to. We want to do the job fairly and do it right, and this philosophy is handed down throughout the company over and over again. I'd be surprised if most companies don't claim the same thing but I know that's the way it really is with us.

Q. *HOW DO YOU MEASURE YOUR ACHIEVEMENT OR SATISFACTION IN YOUR OWN WORK?*

A. Suppose someone submits a risk to us, a risk we're going to take on for a year. And suppose we could have a potential claim of $1 million against that risk. Now what price are we going to put on it?

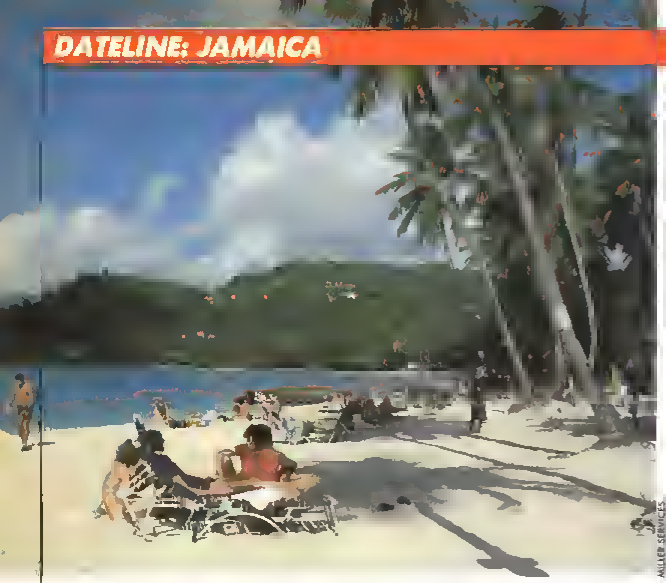
If you had to take only one risk like that, you couldn't put a price on it, you wouldn't know where to begin. But if you have to take 2,000 risks like that, you begin to know the probabilities and possibilities. The satisfaction I get is knowing that after taking thousands and thousands of risks, we've charged premiums acceptable to our policyholders, provided good service and coverage that properly protects their interests, and still managed to bring in a profit at the end of the year.

To learn how a personalized Royal program can improve the effectiveness of your commercial insurance, call your independent broker or agent. He'll gladly explain the details of our service, and recommend a Royal program most appropriate for all your commercial insurance needs.

Royal Insurance
Canada

It's good to know you're with the best.





Negril Beach: relief is in the air

Tentative calm on the island after the storm

Divisions run deep, and memories of the campaign are painful

By Cynthia Brown

"No more fighting," says Nick June, a 22-year-old Kingston taxi driver. "We got peace now." Four months after Jamaica's national elections, the streets of the capital are sociable again, and relief is in the air. For the moment, at least, this nation of two million is enjoying its calm after the storm.

Within a few weeks after the Oct. 30 elections, which saw the Jamaican Labor party win 51 of 60 parliamentary seats and Edward Seaga installed as prime minister, the nightly political clashes, which had tormented Kingston neighborhoods throughout the nine-month election run-up, diminished and then disappeared. Streets that were sealed off by defensive barricades are now open. The bars are full of customers drinking beer and eating spicy "jerk pork." Correspondingly, the partisan war of words between the island's two major newspapers has been, if not entirely suspended, at least noticeably moderated. As one civil servant puts it: "We have survived. The story now is that life goes on."

The Labor party campaign promised a great deal more than mere survival, however, and high expectations are the order of the day. Store owners, hotelkeepers and others in tourist-related businesses are unanimous in looking toward the fruits of tranquility. In Montego Bay, whose beaches have helped make tourism Jamaica's second-largest foreign-exchange earner after bauxite, hotel bookings are up over last year, when they dropped by 20 per cent. According to Angella Scott of the Jamaica Tourist Board in Montego Bay, a further increase is expected throughout the balance of the winter season. Even in Kingston, where fewer tourists go, the words on many lips are that "foreign money is coming in," through investment and visitors, to revitalize the economy.

The government, too, is emphatically optimistic. While admitting that uncontrollable factors such as oil prices and international inflation will greatly affect the rate of economic change, Tony Johnson, minister of state for the ministry of industry and commerce, says that since the elections there has been an "amazing amount of private economic activity" based on expectations of a free-market policy for trade and investment. Johnson says his ministry is "besieged" by interested investors, both Jamaican and foreign. Although it is too soon to tell whether the manna







Seaga (top), Manley (above); Kingston slum: high expectations are the order of the day



Cruise Alaska with a friend. The Princess Patricia.



Cruise up the Inside Passage with Canadian Pacific and spend 7 wonderful days with a friend. The Princess Patricia. You'll find the Princess Pat a warm, be-yourself ship that really knows how to show a friend a good time.

She'll take you up the spectacular Tracy Arm fiord (she's one of the few ships that can) and into breathtaking Glacier Bay (except on the June 8, July 13 and August 10 cruises which will visit historic Skagway).

You'll put in at Ketchikan and Wrangell. And have a full afternoon and evening to sample the delights of Juneau and environs. (As an optional tour you can fly over the awesome Juneau Icecap or bus to the base of the Grand Mendenhall Glacier.)



Aboard the "Pat" you can relax in a comfortably appointed, outside stateroom. Or if you feel like having some fun, join in the organized shipboard activities. You'll be attended by a friendly, all-Canadian crew. And the dining is in the tradition of Canadian Pacific – superb.



The Princess Patricia departs from Vancouver, B.C. every Monday from May 11 to Oct. 5. Prices from only $995 (Canadian) each, double occupancy. Even less for early and late season sailings.

For bookings or a free brochure call us collect or write:

CP Rail – Alaska Cruises, Suite 1100, 700 West Pender St., Vancouver, B.C. V6C 1G8. (604) 665-2507/8.

Reservations can also be made through your travel agent or any CP Air office.

CP Rail



Princess Patricia is registered in Canada

will materialize, Johnson is hopeful that his government's pro-business stance and its encouragement of non-traditional export industries will turn much of the interest into commitments. While Canadian businessmen are still cautiously waiting, Americans appear quite ready to go along. Gulf & Western Industries, Inc. is talking about agri-industrial projects, including cigar production. Maidenform Co. is discussing a joint project to manufacture garments. And a few computer parts companies are considering moving their semiconductor assembly plants to Jamaica—at least one of them from violence-plagued El Salvador.

In the meantime, 50-year-old Seaga, a man known for his no-nonsense approach to management and politics, is firmly in place as his own minister of finance, of information and of mines. As one prominent businessman says, "They'll not make a move unless Eddie says so."

This is not a simple case of euphoria, however. Divisions beneath the surface calm run deep, and memories of the election campaign are painful—more than 600 people died by violence during the campaign—and bitter rhetoric polarized the parties as never before. When Lester Ferron, a middle-aged Kingston dress shop owner, talks of the eight-year social-democrat administration of Michael Manley, his language is sharp with denunciations of Cuba and food shortages. By the same token, when John Maxwell, a television journalist and prominent member of Manley's People's National Party (PNP), walks through downtown Kingston, he is loudly greeted from buses and trucks, and is stopped for a pat on the back by several supporters, reminding the observer that some 43 per cent of Jamaica's popular vote went to the democratic socialists, even when food was shortest and discontent highest. The key to Seaga's election campaign, on which all expectations hang, was the promise of prosperity and unity—a tall order after seven years of stagnation and in a society so intensely politicized. Industrial production at election time was at 50 per cent of capacity.

Now, just a few months after his election, it appears that Seaga is well on his way to keeping some of his promises. In the final hours of the Carter administration in the U.S., $40 million of bilateral economic aid was approved for Jamaica and an additional $40 million in loans was subsequently obtained from foreign banks with counterparts in Jamaica. On Seaga's visit to Washington on Jan. 28 (he was the first foreign head of state to visit Reagan after his inauguration), he announced two agreements with the U.S. aimed at promoting economic co-operation and tourism for

"HOW A GREAT BUSINESS DECISION IMPROVED MY SQUASH GAME."

"I own a squash club with over 500 members. Our pro shop, bars and dining room were run on a chit system.
Looking after some 4000 chits a month became a time-consuming burden. I needed help.

That's when Commodore came to the rescue with a CBM microcomputer.

My CBM now gives us an instant, up-to-date total as well as yearly purchase figures for any of our members. We've even put our accounts payable and general ledger on our Commodore. It was like getting an electronic accountant for under $10,000.

Now, instead of being squashed by mounds of paper-work, I've got plenty of time to manage The Club and time to upgrade my squash game.

Frank Baillie
The Club



10 REASONS WHY CBM RATES A "10" AMONG BUSINESS SYSTEMS.

1. Commodore is Canada's leader in the microcomputer market.
2. The green, high-resolution screen provides precise, easy-to-read letters, charts, graphs, etc.
3. Simple to operate with minimal training.
4. Intelligent, compatible peripherals allow your computer to expand as your business does.
5. The CBM can be used as a complete word processing system.



CBM

MICROCOMPUTER

6. Fast service by expert technicians in your area who understand and depend on your business.
7. Lightweight and portable with no location or temperature restrictions.
8. Designed compactly to fit on a single office desk.
9. CBM products are supported by a Canada-wide network of computer dealers.
10. Extremely competitively priced at under $10,000 and is ideal for professionals and small businesses.

COMMODORE BUSINESS SYSTEMS
Now that's smart thinking.

commodore

Commodore Business Machines
3370 Pharmacy Avenue
Agincourt, Ontario M1W 2K4
(416) 499-4292

Commodore Business Machines,
950 Rittenhouse Road
Norristown, PA 19401
(215) 666-7950



Jamaica. One of the agreements would, in principle, enable U.S. organizations holding conventions in Jamaica to deduct their expenses for tax purposes, similar to a provision that Canada recently regained. The other would lead to the establishment of a joint group of members of the U.S. business community and of the Private Sector Organization of Jamaica designed to increase economic investment in Jamaica.

However, a complete economic program in Jamaica cannot reasonably be expected for at least a year, despite popular hopes for immediate results. But its earliest outlines—which will emerge with the foreseen completion of an International Monetary Fund (IMF) agreement in coming weeks—are bound to displease some sectors, notably labor. In return for the requested $600 million (U.S.) of IMF assistance over three years, the government is likely to face the standard IMF stabilization requirements, including cuts in public-sector employment and wage restraints. With unemployment at 30 per cent, electricity and food costs rising quickly, Tony Johnson admitted that "we have not been able to formulate an employment policy." Jamaica's government may well face a new storm, no matter what the long-range promises offered by potential investment.

Unity, too, is an elusive quantity. The government's attempts to promote nonpartisan feelings have so far been ambiguous, mixed as they are with warnings against radicalism which emphasize party differences. A typical mixture appeared in one of the prime minister's recent speeches, where the concept of unified nation-building was combined with a denunciation of past "excesses that produced the extremisms tailored to suit minority views" and of "alien designs" on the nation's future—this last evidently a reference to Michael Manley's close relations with Cuba.

Incidents such as the January explosion and burning of an Esso oil installation in Montego Bay dramatize the underlying strain. Although lacking any evidence pending an investigation of the disaster, the conservative *Daily Gleaner* hinted strongly at political sabotage, harking back to a December warning by army chief Brig. Robert Neish that threats of industrial sabotage existed, as well as the possibility of unspecified "radical political activities." A Montego Bay supporter of the opposition PNP, angered by the *Gleaner* viewpoint, says, "They're hanging everything on us now."

Thus, the two political camps watch one another warily. The elections are over, the campaign violence is past, and now comes the waiting.



Whatever you need to be near, there's a Holiday Inn nearby.

Holiday Inn has more than 60 hotels across Canada. So it's more than likely we've got one just where you need one. And it's, probably, within minutes of your clients. All our hotels feature the same famous standards, to make you feel comfortable and pleasantly welcome.

As a business traveller, you will also appreciate numerous extra-special features. Like free guest parking, spacious conference rooms, special corporate and group rates, seminar packages, and Inner Circle® membership.

Next business trip, stay with Holiday Inn. Because we're closer to what you need to be near.

For reservations, call, toll-free: In British Columbia and Alberta, 1-(800)-268-8811; in Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Ontario, Quebec and the Maritimes, 1-(800)-268-8980; in Toronto, 486-6400; in Montreal, 878-4321; your nearest Holiday Inn or your travel agent.

Holiday Inn®
Number One in people pleasing.

Putting America on the glory road



BRACK/BLACK STAR

Jerry Falwell and his Liberty Baptist College Singers in Trenton: polarizing Americans in fierce debate

By Judy Haiven

Who could doubt the sincerity—and the stamina—of the crowd at this fundamentalist bit of show business. Two thousand people came despite the chill winds and squalor of downtown Trenton, N.J., to sway and sing along in yet another Jerry Falwell I Love America Rally—his 33rd of the past 12 months. Flanked by a forest of red, white and blue streamers and American flags, the men in the blue three-piece suit watched approvingly as his choir, the Liberty Baptist College Singers, sang *I Love America* while stepping neatly in time up and down the steps of the state capital building. "Free to worship as we please . . . that's why I love America." Then they each raised one arm out to the side. "America, America." The other arm stretched up, and both reached out for the grand finish. "The land I love. Americaaa."

The three-piece suit rose and approached the dias. Preacher Jerry Falwell, as usual, minced no words. "It is time that we join our efforts to turn this nation back to God. . . . We do not like the moral drift of our nation. We cannot allow vulgar, profane humanists to control history. . . ." On cue, the choir of two dozen fresh faces burst into the *Battle Hymn of the Republic*. "Everyone join hands," Falwell exhorted. "Homosexuals join hands too. . . . Oh, you have already." The crowd laughed at the reference to the small counter-demonstration on the fringe of the rally. A few politе protesters carried signs: GAY RIGHTS MEAN HUMAN RIGHTS, SUPPORT THE ERA and JERRY'S MANSION IS ON EARTH.

Jerry's $80,000 mansion is, in fact, in Lynchburg, Va., right beside a house once put up for sale with the come-on, "Only $100,000. Live next door to Jerry Falwell." Falwell is a legend in Lynchburg, as he is to an audience of some 25 million across the Caribbean, Canada and the United States, where his *Old-Time Gospel Hour* is carried weekly on 673 radio and TV stations. He has become the figurehead of the fundamentalist New Right—Richard Nixon's Silent Majority roused at last to forceful articulation by the persistent and malignant godlessness of American society. He may not exactly have delivered Washington to Ronald Reagan single-handed last November, but he and his Moral Majority did round up millions of votes for the victor. It's an impressive record for a man raised on the secular glories of baseball and practical jokes—jokes that cost him a seat at his high school graduation ceremony. Although religion is a serious subject in southwestern Virginia, young Falwell's aspirations ran more to mechanical engineering and even professional baseball. But, as the numerous slick pamphlets produced by the church explain, he was converted to Christianity in his sophomore year at Lynchburg College (inspired by radio preacher Charles Fuller), and "after two days in [training] camp Jerry rejected the call of the St. Louis Cardinals and accepted the call of God." After Lynchburg College, Falwell went on to graduate from the Baptist Bible College at Springfield, Mo., then started his ministry in a building abandoned by the Donald Duck Bottling Co. In 25 years that first congregation of 35 people has grown to 17,000, the largest in the United States. His operating budget last year was $56 million, and his empire includes the Thomas Road Baptist Church, elementary and high schools and a seminary, all in Lynchburg. "They used to call us the Donald Duck Baptist Church," Falwell laughs. "Now we reach more people than Lawrence Welk."

> *Registering millions of voters and telling them which are good guys and which are bad*

Falwell shunned politics until relatively recently. He founded the Moral Majority in June, 1979, in close associa-



tion with Paul Weyrich, the prominent New Right ideologue instrumental in the creation of two other fundamentalist organizations. Christian Voice, the most radical of the New Right groups, headed by a former official of Rev. Sun Myung Moon's Unification Church, and Religious Roundtable, a small group of prominent preachers and New Right politicians that seeks to guide the political course of the entire fundamentalist movement. "It's not going to do any good to register millions of voters and then not tell them who the good guys are and who the bad guys are," says Weyrich. "We're talking about Christianizing America."

"Good ole Jerry," as Falwell calls himself, has never faltered in his leap into the political battle, unlike other TV preachers like Pat Robertson of *The 700 Club* and Jim Bakker of *The PTL Club*, who flirted only briefly with politics in 1980 before withdrawing their active support from candidates. Not only did Falwell back Reagan to the end, but many of the liberal senators and congressmen on his "hit list," like George McGovern, Frank Church and Birch Bayh, went down like dominoes.

Now, far from content with sitting on the election results, the Moral Majority intends to transform its thoughts and words into deeds. Among these are the nation's return to military and political pre-eminence in the world, the outlawing of abortion, putting prayer back into schools, suppressing homosexuals and clamping down on pornography. From the pulpit of his Lynchburg church Falwell has called for a return to the "McCarthy era, where we register all Communists. . . . We should stamp it on their foreheads and send them back to Russia." Liberals and free-thinkers may perceive the man and his following as the latest incarnation of H.L. Mencken's "boobolsie," with a dangerous pat of autocracy on the complexion, but the $1 million in pledges that the mail brings Falwell every week indicates the broad support across the country for his version of the American dream.

Indeed, Falwell's crusade has polarized Americans in one of the fiercest debates in recent history. The American Civil Liberties Union (ACLU) bought a full-page advertisement in *The New York Times* just after the election, for $20,000, with a headline reading: IF THE MORAL MAJORITY HAS ITS WAY, YOU'D BETTER START PRAYING. Columnist Jack Anderson wrote: "Moral Majority endorsed one congressman who was caught soliciting sex and another who was photographed accepting a bribe. Apparently the Moral Majority admired them more for their conservative politics than their Christian morality." Falwell's theological selectiveness has attracted further denunciation. Congressman Paul Simon of Illinois, a target of the fundamentalist right's rating game, recalls the judgment day scene in Matthew 25, ". . . where Christ lists the questions we will be asked. Did you help the hungry? Did you give water to the thirsty? Did you provide clothes to those needing them? Did you take care of the sick? Did you show concern for those in prison?" Simon argues that Falwell and his associates are reluctant to address these questions. "Somehow they improvised on that almost 2,000-year-old list so none of the original concerns [are] reflected."

But the most spectacular attack on the Moral Majority has come in a series of slick prime-time TV ads by producer-writer Norman Lear, who wrote, "The danger of the religious New Right . . . is that they attack the integrity and character of anyone who does not stand with them."



Falwell: dangerous dab of autocracy

Falwell takes the criticism all in his stride. Well over six feet tall, with a serious demeanor and smooth delivery, he radiates authority. He is the picture of the family man, with a wife and three teen-age children. He sports a bronze Jesus First lapel pin ("You get two absolutely free when you write or call the *Old-Time Gospel Hour*") and a stickpin of Old Glory. He draws the line at smoking, drinking, dancing, the movies and TV shows like *Three's Company* and *Charlie's Angels*.

Falwell's world of church-as-big-business is supported almost entirely by donations, which are coaxed in many ways. For $10 a month, a viewer of the *Old-Time Gospel Hour* can become a "faith partner," receiving Falwell's monthly newsletter and a gold Jesus First lapel pin. For a single donation, a viewer becomes a "prayer warrior," which means he sends in his name and indicates which five-minute period in the day he will set aside to pray for the ministry. Or the viewer can join the I Love America Club, which issues a monthly Clean Up America Hotline Report, and lets members know where and when Falwell will be preaching. More than 10,000 students are enrolled in his Liberty Home Bible Study course for $23 a month. The money flows in. Eight years ago, the Securities and Exchange Commission (SEC) charged the church with "fraud and deceit" and "gross insolvency" in one of its fund-raising efforts. Falwell repaid the $6.6 million in question and allowed his financial operations to be monitored by a committee of Lynchburg residents until 1978 as part of the SEC settlement.

Falwell has been criticized as a racist toward Jews and blacks, charges that he rejects vehemently: "The Jews are the chosen people of God. I'm walking around blessing them wherever I go." But last spring at an I Love America Rally, he told his audience: "I know why you don't like the Jew, he can make more money accidentally than you can make on purpose." Falwell protested that the well-publicized remark was just a joke, but some Jewish leaders see it in the same light as a comment by Falwell's cohort Bailey Smith, president of the Southern Baptist Convention, who recently said, "Almighty God does not hear the prayer of the Jew." Rabbi Alexander Schindler, president of the Union of American Hebrew Congregations, told a San Francisco meeting of Jewish leaders recently that it was "no coincidence that the rise of right-wing Christian fundamentalism has been accompanied by the most serious outbreak of anti-Semitism in America since World War II." Nevertheless, last November Israeli Prime Minister Menachem Begin decorated Falwell for his "service to Israel" in assisting immigration to that country. As for blacks, Falwell asserts that his church has been open to them since its earliest days, but one Lynchburg area minister, who demands to remain anonymous says, "I've heard him in person say his church is for whites only." Few blacks attend the church.

Falwell has already gone farther along the road to political power than any evangelist in U.S. history, in which the division between church and state has never really been accepted. Does Falwell intend to take the final plunge and go for political office? He answers with a smile, "No, I can fight better from the outside."

Skygarden II.
A reflection of one of Toronto's greatest successes.

Skygarden II is an extension of the highly successful Skygarden. Skygarden II encompasses all the most appealing features and amenities of Skygarden, and introduces two new suites. A 1,375 square-foot one-bedroom with family room, and the largest suite, a 2,228 square-foot two-bedroom. One bedroom one-and-a-half bath suites start at about $85,000. Two bedroom two bath suites start at about $102,000. All this works out to about $60 a square foot. And that's the best value around.

Sales Centre open weekdays from 10 a.m. to 9 p.m., weekends from 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. 2350 Bridletowne Circle, Scarborough, Ontario. Phone (416) 497-4040



Sky GARDEN II

High quality. Twenty three storeys of it.

TRIDEL

Prices and specifications subject to change without notice.

FLY TO LONDON AT THE DROP OF A HAT. DAILY.



WE TAKE MORE CARE OF THE BUSINESS TRAVELLER.

When there are important decisions to be made, you shouldn't have to wait days for a flight. That's why British Airways takes more care of you with flights to London every day of the week.

WE FLY MORE OFTEN.

When you're in a hurry, our timing is impeccable. So if we book you on our next available flight, it's probably tomorrow. After all, when you're the world's largest international airline, you simply don't dawdle.

WE FLY TO MORE DESTINATIONS.

British Airways has great connections for all the major business centres in Britain and beyond. In fact, we fly to over 140 cities worldwide. So we're most likely bound for the same destination that you are.

WE OFFER FLEXIBILITY WITH CLUB SERVICE.

To all our full fare passengers, we offer the personalized service of Club. Flights can be booked at the last moment and, at any point in your journey, reservations can be changed or cancelled to suit your needs. And we even provide a separate check-in and your own exclusive cabin. You not only arrive in London on the day you wish, but also in a most relaxed and contented state.

So whenever time is of the essence, contact your travel agent or nearby British Airways ticket office.

British airways

We'll take more care of you.

Toronto (416) 595-2500 Montreal (514) 874-4141 British Columbia (800) 663-9391 Saskatchewan (800) 268-9090
Ottawa (613) 236-0881 Vancouver (604) 687-4431 Manitoba (800) 268-9090 Alberta (800) 663-9391

Animal house

It was a procession of quadrupeds that would have done Noah proud. Through the wee hours of Jan. 20, shelter workers worked assiduously, shepherding 120 dogs, 110 cats, eight guinea pigs, a rabbit and three gerbils into a modern-day two-ambulance ark. Before dawn all 242 furry fugitives had made good their escape from the cramped cages of Wellesley Street to their spacious $4.8-million east-end home—the new Toronto Humane Society.

The modern facility boasts the most up-to-date technology and materials. Communicable disease, a ubiquitous problem in most shelters, will be all but eliminated: an air-exchange system ensures fresh air every six minutes, rubber-like seamless floors and micro-spray units prevent the spread of infection. A low-cost spay-neuter clinic employs two full-time veterinarians and can accommodate 50 operations per day at about a third the cost of fees charged by most vets. Wild animals and birds, once housed randomly, now have their own rooms. Once within spit and snarl of one another, cats and dogs are now well-separated, and large animals enjoy spacious outdoor and indoor runs. Toronto Humane Society officials hope that disease-free roomy quarters will prolong the adoption time allowed animals.

They also hope to curb pet neglect through greater emphasis on education. "Our problem is people and the way they treat animals," says Graham Henderson, administrative manager of the society. Staffed by three education officers, the new society will contact more than 40,000 children and adults in Metro this year in a classroom and lecture program.

Henderson and his staff are enthusiastic about the facility's future. "The potential for expansion is here and we're getting a full-time person to coordinate volunteers, who save us a lot of money and enable us to expand our services greatly. We should eventually be one of the most complete shelters anywhere." —NANCY WILSON-LYON



BRIAN WILLER/MACLEAN'S

New Toronto shelter problem is people and the way they treat animals



BRIAN WILLER/MACLEAN'S



Delicacies

Cointreau
A quality liqueur for people with discriminating taste
Wherever you find fine cuisine, expect to find Cointreau
A true delicacy

COINTREAU. THE LIQUEUR WITH A HINT OF ORANGE.

For different ways to enjoy Cointreau, write Cointreau Box 747 Station "K" Toronto Ontario M4P 2W8

BILL McVEAN FOR P.M.!
3:00-6:30 P.M. MON.-FRI.



As you drive through the thickest traffic remember He Speaks for You! Preparing dinner? You'll cook better knowing He Stands for More Fun in Every Kitchen! What's Bill going to do about the economy? Listen to his financial comments Races? Sports? He'll get you Results And Bill's a Team Person **Bob Hasketh** with him bringing you news and commentary **Bev Cudbird** has the weather under control **Harry Shannon** is up there with airborne traffic reports And there shall be music and guests and laughs Yes but what about Western Alienation? Worry not He'll keep you rollin to Mississauga and Beyond!

All-Star Radio

CFRB 1010
THE PEOPLE PEOPLE LISTEN TO

OUR NEXT QUEEN

By Carol Kennedy

When Prince Charles, on a tour of India last November, returned to base from an expedition in the solitude of the Himalayas, a perceptive reporter with the royal entourage noted a change in his demeanor The worried and strained look had disappeared, and for the first time in months he seemed completely at peace That transformation, the reporter later opined to friends in England, signified that Charles had made up his mind on a prospective bride.

Whether or not that was the moment when 32-year-old Charles, heir to the oldest surviving throne in Europe and for years the world's most eligible bachelor, decided on his Queen-to-be, the cincher was an intimate dinner for two in his private quarters at Buckingham Palace in early February which culminated in a proposal Last week, the increasingly leaky secret was out after months of mounting rumor the future King of England had indeed chosen his bride, and 19-year-old Lady Diana Spencer, blonde, pretty and in his own words "full of life," was sporting a huge sapphire and diamond engagement ring for the world's cameras

Charles's first reaction seemed one of relief No longer, he joked with photographers, would he have to worry about headlines speculating on a royal wedding; this time, it would be true, "thank heaven." Facing the TV cameras for their first interview together, the couple talked of things they had in common—a sense of humor, love of sports and the outdoor life, of how they met "in a plowed field" at a shooting party and of the relentless exposure to public eyes that anyone marrying the future King must endure Said Charles, smiling fondly at his blue-eyed bride-to-be: "Frankly, I'm amazed that she's been brave enough to take me on." Replied Diana, "With Prince Charles beside me I can't go wrong It's what I wanted, what I want." Were they in love, the TV interviewers ponderously inquired? "Of course," pouted Lady Di, eyes cast down demurely "Whatever 'in love' means," shot back Charles in a typically teasing riposte.

It had been a courtship of secrecy and subterfuge with meetings planned, Charles admitted last week, "like a military operation." One of Diana's most relentless pursuers, reporter James Whitaker of the *Daily Star*, said she "treated it all like a game"—even the occasion when, he recalled, she was smuggled dramatically off the royal estate lying facedown in the back of a Land Rover

The couple first met in 1977, when Diana was a giggling 16-year-old and Charles, 28, was at the Spencer family's 463-year-old Northamptonshire mansion as a guest of Diana's elder sister Sarah It seemed likely then that Sarah, who later spent a 10-day skiing holiday with Charles, might win his affections, but she dropped out of the running after a tabloid reported a remark that she wouldn't marry Charles if he asked her Sarah now recalls that she unwittingly "played Cupid" to her kid sister, introducing her to the prince in the middle of a field on the Spencer estate Charles remembers Diana then as "very jolly and amusing, an attractive 16-year-old, great fun, bouncy and full of life" Diana, asked what she first thought of Charles, said laughingly, "pretty amazing"

The first sign Diana might be the girl Charles once said would have to be "pretty special" came when she was invited to Balmoral Castle during the Royal Family's annual Scottish holiday last August. By November, the mass-circulation *Sun* claimed the Queen had given her blessings to the romance and had allegedly told close friends "She is a delightful girl Charles could not find a more perfect partner"

The hunt by the press now became frenzied Questions were asked in Parliament and letters written to *The Times* about the "bounding" of Lady Diana. Meanwhile, it was learned that the prince managed to conduct his courtship in a house he bought last year in London's expensive Kensington district, conveniently close to Kensington Palace where Diana's other sister, Jane, has an apartment Diana, then sharing an apartment with three other girls in the southern part of Kensington, told friends she was going out with "Charles Renfrew"—Baron Renfrew is one of Charles's many titles Her apartment mates never met the prince, but at the beginning of February, said Virginia Pitman, 21 "Di just sat on the bed beside me one night and said she was going to marry Prince Charles There was a big smile on her face We started to squeal with excitement and then we started to cry"

Charles told interviewers last week he made his proposal just before Diana left for Australia on Feb 6 for a three-week holiday "I wanted to give her a chance to think about it—to think if it



GRAHAM/SYGMA

Months of rumors were confirmed last week. Lady Diana Spencer is the Prince's choice.



UPI

Crowds await word at Buckingham Palace: the guessing game is over

was all going to be too awful." In fact, she accepted right away.

It was an admitted strain keeping the secret, and a few leaks did seep out. Gossip writer Nigel Dempster reported that Crown jewellers were working on an engagement ring, and last Tuesday *The Times* scooped Fleet Street with a statement that this would be the day. The guessing game finally ended at 11 a.m. as the announcement by the Queen and Prince Philip was flashed around the world. It could not have come at a better time to cheer a Britain deep in economic gloom and political wrangling. Diana is a genuinely popular choice as the first Princess of Wales in 70 years: for one thing, she is the first English girl to marry an heir to the throne since James II's wife, Anne Hyde, 321 years ago (the Queen Mother comes from the Scottish peerage). She will also be the first Queen consort to have worked for her living; as a children's nanny, part-time cook and, most recently, kindergarten teacher. "It's good news—the country needs it," said a TV repairman as the screen came to life showing the smiling couple. In Parliament, amid news of the worst unemployment since the 1930s, Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher broke the announcement to cheers from both sides of the Commons. The only dissenting voice came from Labor's Willie Hamilton, a veteran Scottish anti-monarchist, who growled at the prospect of "six months of mush."

On a day that saw more millions of the taxpayers' money vanish into bankrupt British Steel Corporation, even the stock market perked up at the news of a royal wedding, especially the shares of companies connected with the souvenir business such as Wedgwood, the china firm, and of hotel chains anticipating an influx of foreign tourists. Drawn by the news spreading on car radios and taxis, hundreds flocked to



KEYSTONE PRESS LTD.

HUSSEIN/SYGMA AD

KEYSTONE PRESS LTD.

Lady Di at Pimlico nursery school (above left); Prince Charles at play, (below) the Royal Family and dogs at Balmoral: she accepted right away

Buckingham Palace. First confirmation for the watchers came when the band of the Coldstream Guards, their scarlet uniforms muffled in greatcoats against the bitter cold, struck up the 1960s pop song *Congratulations* in the palace forecourt.

Champagne corks popped in palace offices and on the royal estates. A newspaper seller in London's Piccadilly Circus told a customer: "Yes it's true at last—and about time." And the great machinery of state ceremonial, always ready to roll into action at a moment's notice, began its majestic progress toward the day—probably in late July—when Charles and Diana will be married by the Archbishop of Canterbury, Robert Runcie, in Westminster Abbey or St. Paul's Cathedral.

Perhaps not everyone had cause to rejoice last week. Prince Charles's betrothal puts an end to the great marriage game among society mothers with ambitions for their daughters and finally kills the chances of old flames like Lady Jane Wellesley, daughter of the Duke of Wellington and for many years a favorite of the prince. Charles's love life was always front-page news. It began at Cambridge (where he took a degree in anthropology and archeology) with Lucia Santa Cruz, dark-eyed daughter of the Chilean ambassador. Among girls he squired—usually blonde—were Laura Jo Watkins, daughter of an admiral; jet-setter Sabrina Guinness; heiress Davina Sheffield, whose former boy-friend indiscreetly revealed details of their life together; and Princess Marie-Astrid of Luxembourg, whom the *Daily Express* once trumpeted as the "official" choice, but whose Roman Catholic religion caused an uproar.



UPI AP

MILLER SERVICES

Lady Sarah Spencer (above left); Davina Sheffield (right); Lady Jane Wellesley: not everyone was rejoicing last week

So how did Diana gain the coveted prize? Mainly, it is suggested, because, apart from her winning personality, she won palace approval for being a girl with a history but no past. No serious boy-friends entered her life before Charles; she tended to go around in a foursome whose idea of entertainment was a glass of wine or gin-and-tonic in a Chelsea pub. Although Charles once said a girl of royal blood would have an advantage as his bride because she would "know the ropes," Diana Spencer's family history is as impressive as any in Europe. Her father, the eighth Earl Spencer and an equerry to King George VI and the present Queen, has a family tree going back to medieval times. Diana even brings royal Stuart blood back into the monarchy by being descended from King Charles II. As well, Prince Charles and Diana are distantly related—seventh cousins once removed—and the family tree includes links with the Duke of Marl-



Schenley OFC: the only 8-Year Old that's guaranteed right on the back of the bottle.

Canadian law requires distillers to place a stamp on their whisky bottles showing the year the whisky was distilled.

With Schenley OFC, we go a lot further. We certify that our whisky has been aged in charred white oak casks, for a full 8 years. We believe 8 years is a perfect aging time for whisky. When it reaches its prime for a smooth, mellow taste.

Schenley OFC The 8-year old that's guaranteed.

CANADIAN SCHENLEY DISTILLERIES LTD

borough (and hence Winston Churchill).

Diana's parents divorced in 1969 and both have remarried: up to a few years ago that fact might well have barred their daughter from consideration as a royal bride. Her mother, Frances Shand-Kydd, is married to a wallpaper heir and her stepmother, the former Lady Dartmouth, is a well-known public figure and the daughter of Britain's best-known romantic novelist, Barbara Cartland.

Diana Frances Spencer, the youngest of four children, was born July 1, 1961, in a house rented from the Queen Sandringham in Norfolk, literally the girl next door—the house was separated from the Royal Gardens only by a wall, and Diana grew up romping with the younger princes, Andrew and Edward. She is remembered as academically average at school, proficient at tennis and swimming. Like all the Royals, she is a country person at heart. Columnist Lynda Lee-Potter of the *Daily Mail* says that Diana's "idea of heaven is to spend an afternoon fly-fishing, waist-high in freezing water."

Lord Spencer, who last week mingled with the crowds outside Buckingham Palace, "photographing the photographers," said of his daughter: "She's very good-natured, publicity doesn't worry her." She was also, he said, "very practical" and "a good housekeeper." He added, chuckling, that as a baby she was "a superb physical specimen." Today, the long-legged Diana is five-feet, 10-inches tall, just an inch below Prince Charles. It has also been reported that she had a medical checkup to ensure she could bear children.

Diana studied at a private girls' school in Kent and at finishing school in Switzerland, where she became fluent in French and developed an outstanding skill at skiing—a passion of Prince Charles. She does not, however, care for riding since she once fell off a horse. She is said to be a born mimic and will enjoy the charades and party games that the Royals love. Diana has always been fond of young children and was popular with her charges at the Young England kindergarten in London's Pimlico. Throughout the hectic courtship, she was only once embarrassed by the publicity—when photographers manoeuvred her against the sun in a see-through skirt.

Charles has taken longer to get married than any Prince of Wales since Charles II, except for his unfortunate predecessor, latar King Edward VIII, who had a propensity for married ladies (see box, above). In a rare moment of unguarded frankness on his Indian tour last year, Charles told reporters of his difficult love life. *Sun* reporter Harry Arnold remembers the prince saying: "It's all right for you chaps. You can live with a girl before you marry her, but I can't. I've got to get it right from the word go."



GRAHAM/SYGMA AP



LONDON NEWS SERVICE



UPI

Tradition at the Spencer mansion (left); (below) Earl Spancer and his second wife, the former Lady Dartmouth, (right) Lady Diana's mother, Frances Shand-Kydd: Stuart blood

Some very tough acts to follow

By Philip Howard

Lady Diana Spencer is due to follow in the silver footsteps of a formidable line of long-lived matriarchs. The Queen consorts of the United Kingdom in this century have all been octogenarians. Alexandra died at 81, Mary at 86 and the Queen Mother, who turns 81 this year, is still going strong. The job is a good risk for the life insurance companies. Specifications for it include being a good breeder (preferably of males), willingness to take a backseat to the King (not a job for Margaret Trudeau), ability to look interested when bored and tolerance of a lot of nonsense.

Apart from longevity and toughness, the Queen consorts have so far had little in common. Alexandra, Queen from 1901 to 1910, was the daughter of Christian IX of Denmark. Astonishingly beautiful all her life, she was vague, scatty, a lover of family and the countryside at Sandringham, and as thick as two planks. The Edwardian public loved her dearly, not least for her featherheadedness. Her husband, unfortunately, was less captivated. Although Edward VII never opened a book for pleasure in his life, he did enjoy the company of clever women. Alexandra made friends with his mistresses, even taking one to say goodbye to the tough old boy as he lay dying. She was a sentimental lady, composing awful doggerel for the deaths of her friends, sending Christmas presents to the Elephant Man and concerned about the less fortunate.

Mary, who was Queen from 1910 to 1936, was a more dignified and less lovable consort, perhaps because her pedigree was less secure. Mary was descended from the Cambridges, the most reactionary branch of the English Royal Family. For a time she was engaged to the Duke of Clarence (the black sheep over whose past the Royal Family still prefers to draw a veil), but he died a few weeks before the wedding. Queen Victoria, who could recognize the tough mettle of old-fashioned royalty, liked Mary so much that she was married to Clarence's younger brother, later George V.

Queen Mary and just-christened Prince Charles: a formidable line of matriarchs



Mary's image is that of a rigid, stumpy old lady in rows and rows of pearls, whose eye could quell a riot or open an oyster at 50 paces. She was a great collector, and gossip had it that if you heard she was coming to visit you hid the best pieces of china or furniture. Otherwise, she was likely to admire them so much that you had to give them to her. In spite of rigidity and formality, she was a rock to her husband and held the Royal Family firmly together through the earthquake of Edward VIII's abdication. In old age she unbent just a little, taking Princess Elizabeth on bus trips to improve her lamentably unimaginative education.

The current Queen Mother, Elizabeth, is immensely popular. It sometimes seems as though the British monarchy depends upon its succession of grand old matriarchs. But there is more to the lady than a lovely smile, those fluffy hats and a predilection for baby blue. Behind the mask, she is an extremely tough and capable operator. Without her support, it is doubtful that her husband, George VI, could have overcome his nervousness, bad temper and stammer when forced onto the throne after his brother's abdication.

Diana has quite an act to follow. Luckily for her, and for us, the act has changed. There was a decision in the 1960s to take much of the starch out of the monarchy and make the Royals more approachable, a sort of Buckingham Palace soap opera, an everyday story of fairly ordinary folk, almost like the rest of us. As a result, the ability to deal with the public and the press has gained a new importance. Queen Mary never made a public speech and never used a telephone in her life. Alexandra would probably have given delightfully indiscreet interviews if she had been allowed to. And the Queen Mother, the last of the old school of Royals, very rarely gives interviews. Diana, however, is already an old hand.

In the age of woman's lib, lovely Diana will have more chance to be her own person and do her own thing. But the principal duties will still be to support the King, and smile, and smile.



ALLER SERVICES

The Queen Mother (left); and Alexandra: tolerating nonsense from one's husband

Philip Howard is literary editor of The Times *of London.*

After their July wedding—the first wedding of a Prince of Wales since 1863—Charles and Diana will live mainly at Highgrove House, a Georgian mansion Charles bought last year for $2.7 million from the son of former prime minister Harold Macmillan. But after their honeymoon—at a spot as yet undecided—the couple may not have long to enjoy the quiet country life. It is strongly rumored that Charles will be named governor-general of Australia. Next month, Charles is scheduled to visit that country for four weeks, leaving Diana to get used to her new life she is already in residence at Clarence House, the Queen Mother's London home.

Whatever his future job, one thing will change from now on for Charles wherever he goes, the kissing will have to stop. The international sport of embracing the bachelor prince began in Australian surf in March, 1979, with a buss from a bikini-clad swimmer. And when can Diana expect to become Queen? Reports that Queen Elizabeth II is planning to abdicate in favor of Charles have always been repudiated in royal circles. However, the Queen, now 54, was reportedly impressed by the smooth abdication of Queen Juliana of the Netherlands last April in favor of Princess Beatrix, and is known to feel Charles should not endure the tedious apprenticeship of Edward VII, who was 59 when he succeeded Queen Victoria in 1901.

When Diana does become Queen, she would be entitled, the palace says, to adopt a completely different name if she so wished. In the meantime, one enterprising British pop singer rose to the occasion last week by rushing out a new version of a 1950's hit—Canadian Paul Anka's composition *Diana*. ✪

STAR NEWSPAPER SERVICES

Spain

Franco's ghost walks again

For 18 nightmarish hours last week, the ghost of Gen. Francisco Franco walked in Spain. As democracy hung by a thread, visions of a return to fascist rule, or even another civil war, haunted the nation. Martial music blared from the state radio, housewives rushed to stock up with food and motorists queued for gasoline, ready to flee the country. The cause of the alarm: the invasion of Madrid's parliament by a band of heavily armed Civil Guards, as Premier-designate Leopoldo Calvo-Sotelo faced a second vote of confidence on his appointment to replace Adolfo Suárez.

Leading the 200 Civil Guards was Lt.-Col. Antonio Tejero Molina, a 49-year-old ultra-rightist police officer with a Zapata moustache and a taste for conspiracy. As he strode to the rostrum brandishing a pistol, he yelled, "Everybody on the floor!" to the 344 deputies, while other guards let off a fusillade of shots into the ceiling. With the government at his mercy, Tejero declared to his captives that a senior officer would be arriving to take charge and that regional military commanders would join the insurrection. For hours the deputies sat paralysed before the muzzles of submachine-guns. Outside, hundreds of police ringed the building while attempts were made to negotiate with Tejero. The senior officer never appeared and widespread support in the regional commands did not materialize. Only the rigidly conservative commander of Valencia, Lt.-Gen. Jaime Milans del Bosch, 65, imposed martial law.

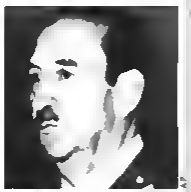
While the fate of the nation hung in the balance, nervous guards among Tejero's group drank Cuba libres in the parliamentary bar. Finally, in the early hours of Tuesday, King Juan Carlos appeared on a nationally televised broadcast. "The crown, symbol of permanence and unity of the fatherland," he said, "cannot tolerate in any form actions or attitudes by persons trying to interrupt the democratic process by force." A few hours later, Milans del Bosch bowed to the royal command. One of Tejero's daughters told her father by phone, "Papa, they have left you on your own," and by mid-day the general and the quixotic colonel had surrendered.

Emerging from their gruelling ordeal, the politicians received an emotional welcome. The failure of the putsch, they declared, had reaffirmed their faith in democracy. And the next day in the bullet-scarred chamber, they









Lt.-Col Tejaro (above), Calvo-Sotelo at swearing in (below), Maj.-Gen. Milans del Bosch (top) and Gen. Armada Comyn gas queues and hanging by a thread

endorsed Calvo-Sotelo as premier. Immediately rejecting left-wing calls for a coalition, Calvo-Sotelo set about forming a new cabinet, choosing its members from within the ruling Union of the Democratic Centre party. But before he could consider implementing the conservative social and economic programs that he favors, Calvo-Sotelo had to cope with a troublesome question: how far did complicity in the affair extend?

Seventeen officers of the 65,000-strong paramilitary Civil Guard were immediately arrested last week, including Tejero. Support for the coup, however, was clearly more widespread and extended into the upper echelons of the military, where dismay at Spain's regional unrest and economic woes has been on the rise. It appeared that a key collaborator was Gen. Alfonso Armada Comyn, who was swiftly removed from his post as second in command of the army and arrested. A monarchist and close adviser of the king, Armada asked Juan Carlos to recognize military rule during the siege—a request that was vehemently refused.

As well, units of the crack Brunete armored division were reportedly ready to take over the capital under the orders of former commander Gen. Luis Torres Rojas, 62. Said a military source: "He was all set to order in the tanks, but at the last moment a senior officer persuaded him to drop the idea."

At week's end, as millions demonstrated their support for democracy, it was clear that King Juan Carlos had emerged with his prestige at an all-time high. Democracy had survived, but Spaniards were shaken, newly aware—in the words of one politician—that "40 years of dictatorship are not swept away by a couple of elections."

—DAVID BAIRD

Moscow

Peace offering

At times stumbling over his words and looking every inch the old man he is, 74-year-old Soviet leader Leonid Brezhnev plowed through a marathon three-hour and 40-minute speech last week—and before he was a quarter of the way through he had dropped a hot offer into the lap of the White House. The message was simply: I'm ready to meet President Ronald Reagan.

The summit call, made by the veteran leader in his keynote address to the Soviet Communist party's 26th Congress, came after weeks of insult-swapping between the White House and the Kremlin that had all the tang of a new cold war. But if at week's end the Americans were still reacting with caution bordering on suspicion to the offer, it was as much because of the unusual way it emerged as the timing. One Western diplomat in Moscow said: "The Soviets are ultraconservative when it comes to protocol. What's all wrong is that Brezhnev made his call at a public meeting of Communists with apparently no private word to the White House beforehand. That is not how they usually do business." And as U.S. and Soviet officials began tentative contacts behind the scenes on the if, how and where of a summit, the question remained: was this a genuine offer to repair relations with the U.S. or merely a propaganda ploy?

To answer that question, Western analysts studied the proposals on East-West arms control put forward by Brezhnev. He hinted the Soviets might renegotiate certain points of the SALT II Treaty—as the U.S. has demanded. He reiterated that Moscow would stop deployment of SS-20 nuclear missiles against Western Europe if NATO dropped its plans to station American Cruise and Pershing-II missiles there. He suggested that Moscow and Washington might agree to limit the development of American Ohio-class Trident submarines and similar Soviet subs. By week's end, however, analysts were agreed that the proposals represented few new ideas. The main thing, said one diplomat, was that "Brezhnev saw fit to ask for a dialogue with the Americans in a moderately worded way."

If the aging Brezhnev struck an unusually conciliatory note, however, there were others at the congress to keep up the fighting talk. Cuban President Fidel Castro drew round after round of applause from the close to 5,000 delegates as he railed at Washington: "You'll never bring us to our knees." The armed forces spokesman, Maj.-Gen. Kuzmenar, echoed tough talk from Defence Minister Dmitry Ustinov the week before: "Our enemies should know we have first-class equipment, skilful hands and are ready to deal a shattering blow to any aggression," he told the congress. And on the sidelines, the war of words with Washington over Americas charges that Moscow was promoting international terrorism (see story, page 31) continued unabated. Leonid Zamyatin, a senior official, told journalists that while Moscow had not supplied arms to forces in El Salvador, Washington had—and is.

There was speculation that the congress could be the last for Brezhnev, whose health was so uncertain that officials dared not allow direct television coverage of his speech. Two short excerpts showing the first and last minutes were broadcast later. But one delegate at the proceedings said Brezhnev was so tired at one point that he leaned both his elbows on the rostrum as he spoke. If the congress does represent a finale for Brezhnev, then it has been a fitting one. Soviet delegates were lavish in their praise of their septuagenarian leader last week. And even though the country's chronic food shortages and lack of consumer goods were highlighted by Prime Minister Nikolai Tikhonov, no fault for these problems was laid at Brezhnev's door. Indeed, the acclaim that accompanied almost every mention of his name was sign enough that this week's proceedings would probably see him re-elected as party leader. Nor were other major changes expected in the senior Kremlin leadership. However, lower down the leadership ladder, Geidar Aliyev, party chief of Soviet Azerbaijan and a junior politburo member, appeared to be itching for advancement. The wall-groomed 57-year-old Aliyev mentioned Brezhnev no less than 13 times in his delegate's speech last week, describing him as a "tireless struggler for the planet's peace." Aliyev is clearly a man to watch.

—KEITH CHARLES

Brezhnev (inset); Soviet Communist party Congress react with caution





U.S.A.

Chilly winds from Washington

Reagan's team plays a more aggressive game

By Michael Posner

It was a small thing, really—in the language of diplomacy hardly more than an offhand remark. Quite suddenly, the U.S. state department informed the Soviet embassy in Washington last month that the privileges previously extended to Ambassador Anatoly Dobrynin—access to Stete's exclusive underground garage and to a private elevator—were being revoked. Henceforth, said the department, the ambassador would patronize the same front door and elevators used by ordinary folks. And yet, as much as anything the administration of President Ronald Reagan has said during its first five weeks in office, this abrupt reversal of form was symbolic of the precipitous decline the world is now witnessing in U.S.-Soviet relations. In style and in substance the new American team is playing a far more aggressive game, and it is not in the least accidental.

The firm rhetoric about Soviet-sponsored terrorism, the decision to maintain (for now) the grain embargo, the repeated sermons on "linkage" and the administration's massive boost in proposed defence spending—all of these were designed to signal to Moscow a deliberate shift in U.S. thinking; the Reagan White House would not stend impotently by as the Soviets threw military muscle—their own or their proxies'—into various regions of the globe. At the same time, notes Helmut Sonnenfeldt, Brookings Institute expert on Soviet affairs, the Reaganites were indicating to the Kremlin that the inconsistency that marked Jimmy Carter's foreign policy and the internal disputes that plagued his administration would no longer be in evidence. Under Ronald Reagan, the Americans were finally getting their act together.



Thatcher and Reagan: signalling desire

Last week they took it on the road. Lawrence Eagleburger, the yet unconfirmed undersecretery of state for European affairs, toured NATO countries, trying—mostly in vain—to generate support for the White House's hard line on El Salvador. There, claimed a state department white paper, Cubans and Nicaraguans, with Soviet backing, were funnelling some 800 tons of guns and ammunition to left-wing guerrillas.

The only support for the U.S. position came from British Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher, visiting Washington last week for talks with Reagan. But the other allies did not seem terribly impressed with the evidence. For public consumption, there were some vague remarks about the perils of "outside interference," but privately the West Germans, Belgians, and French—who sent Foreign Minister Jean François-Poncet to Washington to explain their views—expressed fears that the American-backed ruling junta in El Salvador

was guilty of atrocities against members of the insurgent Democratic Revolutionary Front. They also stressed the need for a political—as opposed to a military—settlement of the long civil war.

That theme was echoed in this hemisphere as well, especially by the Mexicans and Venezuelans, who went some length to distance themselves from the American position. The Reagan administration has insisted that it has no current plans to send combat personnel into El Salvador (although it is expected to ship up to $25 million in additional military hardware and training personnel), but Latin America is nervous nonetheless.

There is a strong sense of déjà vu about all of this. In Washington, the now powerful conservatives have brought the old domino theory out of cold storage, arguing that if El Salvador cannot be made safe from godless communism, then Guatemala and Honduras, Costa Rica and Venezuela and even Mexico will fall under the Kremlin's oppressive thumb. The liberals are full of fear and loathing—fear that Reagan's commitment to getting tough will inevitably ensnare the country in some dismal foreign war, loathing for that macho, confrontational impulse expressed



Haig and François-Poncet: cool reply

by Frank Sinatra in the Chrysler ads: "America's not gonna be pushed around any longer."

The Reagan White House appears to be making the Soviet Union the centrepiece of its foreign policy. Says former chairman of the joint chiefs of staff, Admiral Thomas Moorer: "We let the Russians do what they wanted in Afghanistan and Mozambique and Angola. It's time to call a halt. Sure it's risky sending arms to El Salvador. But you cannot live in this world without risk." Accepting the risks, Washington is prepared to begin a major push for new weapons' acquisition. It is willing to put the Camp David peace process on hold while it fortifies security in the Persian Gulf (a decision announcing the sale of F-15 fighter equipment to Saudi Arabia is expected this week). The administration will say what a grand idea Leonid Brezhnev's proposed summit (see page 30) seems to be, but wait several months before seriously signalling a desire to accept. And, as Reagan's talks with Thatcher indicated, the U.S. is determined to beef up NATO forces with theatre nuclear weapons and to lean on its allies for greater defence spending.

Yet among Washington observers there is a feeling that the secretary of state, Alexander Haig, and other architects of foreign policy have another target in mind. Cuba. Already, the possibility of a naval blockade has been raised, but a more realistic goal for the U.S. may be to tarnish the Moscow-Havana alliance. Preoccupied with Poland and Afghanistan, the Kremlin is not well-positioned to handle a major confrontation in Central America; its inability to prop up Castro, whose regime some analysts believe faces mounting opposition from within, could effect a split, and nothing would more please the conservative disciples of Ronald Reagan. The tough talk on El Salvador, then, may be the opening moves of the Cuban gambit. ◇

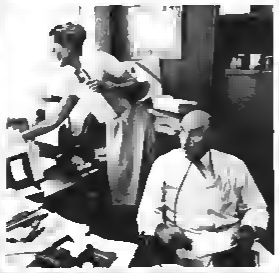
The crime of Miss Jean

As Jean Harris heard a jury of eight women and four men convict her of second-degree murder in White Plains, N.Y., last week, she was a model of decorum, as though she were absentmindedly listening to a speech or sermon. But the masked emotions were an ironic finale to one of the most sensational murder trials in U.S. history. Throughout 12 weeks of testimony, Harris had been anything but passive, at times seorching, at times titillating, in recounting events leading up to the shooting of her lover and companion of 14 years, 69-year-old Dr. Herman Tarnower.

Taking the stand (as one of 97 witnesses), Harris, a 57-year-old former headmistress of the exclusive Madeira girls' school, had flooded the crowded courtroom with tears and recriminations. Spurned by the "diet doc," with whom she coauthored the best-selling book, *The Complete Scarsdale Medical Diet*, she told of how she had been wronged and had gone to his home on the evening of March 10 last year to commit suicide. The defence introduced a letter she had written the day of the killing in which she denounced Tarnower's assistant and mistress, 38-year-old



Harris at Valhalla prison (above); Dr. Tarnower and secretary: lurid quality



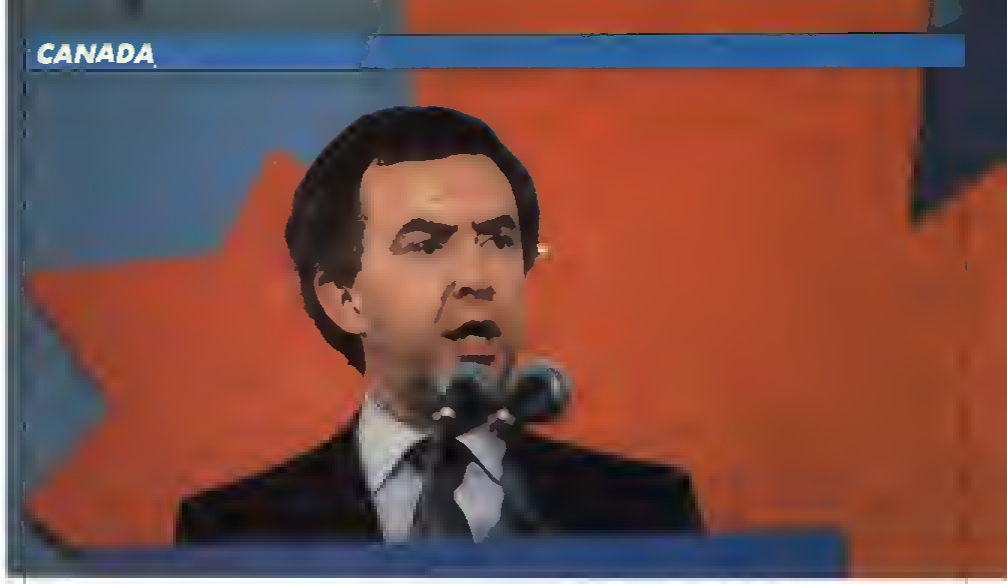
SCHATZ/OUTLINE

Lynne Tryforos—the "other woman" in the case. Public sympathy accumulated and the trial began to take on a lurid quality. Newspapers such as the New York *Daily News* couldn't resist the carrot dangled before them: JEAN CALLS LYNNE A 'SLUT' trumpeted its front page. To be sure, the trial provided a generous touch of theatre to a public depressed by constant news of a worrisome, volatile dollar and hostages in Iran. The confluence of Tarnower's fame and respectability and a complicated crime of passion seized the public imagination: here was a frail, matronly and neurotic headmistress who shot her ex-lover four times and who claimed she wanted to take her own life in the daffodil-filled duck pond outside his house.

Nor was the drama confined to the courtroom. The jury, after deliberating for eight days, told (against the wishes of the court) of tears and secret ballots and a re-enactment of the crime by all 12. The consensus, according to several jurors, was that Harris might have been acquitted had she not taken the stand. Clearly, she and her lettar said too much, casting doubt on her contention that Tarnower was shot four times attempting to stop her from suicide.

At week's end, as Harris awaited sentencing on March 20—the law calls for a mandatory 15 years to life—she provided a last tragic twist to her ordeal. Imprisoned under strict suicide watch for the first time since the shooting, she said, "I can't sit in jail . . . like an animal in a cage," and went on a hunger strike, vowing—rather unconvincingly—to fast until death.

—LAWRENCE O'TOOLE



BRIAN WILLER/MACLEAN'S

The mourning, the meaning

'If they took the vote again today, it would still be 66 to 34—against Joe'

By Ian Anderson

The bright yellow daffodils that Joe Clark's supporters pinned to everyone's lapels as they entered the Ottawa Civic Centre were meant to remind delegates of that Sunday five years before in the same arena when Clark came out of nowhere to snatch the leadership of the Conservative party. As the fateful Friday night wore on, the flowers wilted under the ungodly heat of the television lights—wilted like the speech of the man who had been the majority's second choice in 1976. This time Clark was running against a far more elusive opponent—against his own image. It was the perception of one out of every three delegates that the party should throw itself open to a leadership convention.*

This limp handshake was the result feared most by the party and by the 41-year-old leader who, for nine months, was Canada's youngest prime minister. It came despite pleas on all sides for party unity. With Clark's leadership now openly rejected by a third of his party, the coming months promise only a widening chasm of disenchantment which a growing number of Tories believe will eventually swallow this man who was schooled in Tory politics, married into the party and who, since university days, has been employed only by the party. By the morning after the vote, the heat was already building in the hotel corridors for the leadership convention Clark will try to suppress—and probably could not now win.

No one was more surprised by the result than Clark. He had convinced himself that he had reversed the tide of discontentment which had reached its peak in the months following his government's traumatic defeat almost exactly a year before the Ottawa vote. He was so convinced that he made the fatal decision over lunch on Friday to play it safe that evening. Of the two speeches prepared for him, he chose the one he felt more comfortable with. Shelved was a tub-thumping challenge to the 2,141 delegates to support his leadership—and support it *now*. He worried that the gamble might fall flat, that he could not sustain the emotion. So he took the safe route, certain he had the solid support of three-quarters of the delegates—a moral victory if not a triumph. After all, the recent polls had shown a third of the delegates against his continued leadership. But many of the delegates were looking for something more than a slightly altered version of the same speech Clark had been giving for the past year. They complained that he could not rise to the occasion. Under the sweltering lights many of the delegates sat stonily. Some just shook their heads. Most of the enthusiasm came from the 500 young Tories that Clark strategists had placed in clumps throughout the hall. They were supposed to muster the crowd's excitement, but they needed more from Clark.

"It's the two, three, four scenario," was the anxious pre-vote assessment of a former Tory MP, defeated in the wave of anti-Clark sentiment in 1980. "If he gets 20 per cent for review, the review movement is done for. If he gets 30 per cent, the party's done for. If he gets 40 per cent, Joe's done for." With the vote 33.63 for review, the Tories had their worst-case scenario. The leadership aspirants would feel compelled to come forward and Clark would feel compelled to fight them off. If there were any doubts about his intentions, Clark

**Discounting 18 spoiled ballots, 2,123 votes were cast—714 for a leadership review (33.63 per cent), 1,409 against (66.36 per cent). A Maclean's/Carleton poll published before the vote predicted percentages of 34 and 66.*

quickly dispelled them. When he took the stage again, unexpectedly, after the results were announced, many thought he would call then for an immediate convention. He didn't. No longer were his hands trembling nervously as they had throughout his fatal speech. Instead, he gripped the podium firmly and, his wife Maureen at his side, challenged the delegates to move forward "as one strong and united party. That is my determination as your leader. And I look forward to working with you in the months and years ahead." It summoned up echoes of the speech he had been afraid to give—and raised hopes among that minority of Tories who believe he can still win a national election. "Remember Stan Schumacher and Jack Horner," prophesied Doug MacAdams, a Vancouver lawyer, summoning up the names of the two opponents Clark drove out of his caucus. "That's what this man can do."

To other delegates it raised the ugly possibility of another bloody internecine fight like the one that toppled John Diefenbaker and split the party for nine years under Robert Stanfield.

Much of Clark's miscalculation of the party's mood was occasioned by the buoyant enthusiasm of the 1,100 Young Progressive Conservatives, whose convention preceded the senior meeting. For three months the Clark strategiste had worked on the "tiny Torissa" loyalty to the leader through telephone and mail contact. It paid off immediately when John Crosbie, a potential Clark rival, came to the end of his speech opening their convention. The Newfoundlander had not mentioned Clark until, almost as an afterthought, he said, "Now what of that leadership review issue...." At the mention of Clark's name the room exploded in cheers. No one was more surprised than Crosbie. Any gloom among Clark's staff vanished in the torrent of media reports detailing Clark's resurrection. The young delegates peddled Clark buttons in the hotel lobbies and packed the convention hall for his speech, arriving early to take the places assigned to them by Clark headquarters. When Clark spoke to them Thursday night his mundane speech was punctuated by wild applause more than 50 times. Clark's staff ensured the young would stay in Ottawa over the weekend by offering them free rooms. About half of the youth delegates attended the senior meeting, nearly all voting against a review. This made Clark's final tally seem even worse in the light of the following day.

As a counterweight to the exuberant young Clark supporters, the PC Review Committee was no match (see page 36). Headed by Toronto MP John Gamble, these denizens of the party's right-wing fringe showed little credibility beyond their media role as the only organized, overt anti-Clark faction. Their signs were regularly ripped down and their hospitality suites went largely unused. "It's like a cardinal visiting a whorehouse," explained one pro-review, anti-Gamble delegate. "No one wants to be seen coming out." Precious few delegates, too, wished to be associated with outgoing party president Robert Coates' call for a review. He was booed roundly for his efforts.

It was the pressure-cooker insistence on maintaining the facade of party unity, flavored by gory tales of the Diefenbaker bloodbath, that drove most dissidents into a seemly silence. They donned Clark buttons to ward off the hordes of young Clark supporters trying to locate any empty lapel. By the Saturday morning after the vote, the lapels were cleaner, the pressure relieved. Instead, the whispering had begun about a replacement.

At least one adviser close to Clark's ear was advocating the night of the vote that Clark must now move quickly to clip the wings of at least two of the caucus members whose presence offers a threat to his survival. Both Crosbie and David Crombie, the former Toronto mayor, had withheld the full weight of their influence on the delegates. The mischievous Newfoundlander did not hesitate to take a quick early jab at Clark, remarking drolly after the Friday speech that he had "expected a more emotional approach if you're trying to influence people." But then, Crosbie allowed, Joe Clark "has to be himself, so it wasn't a real spellbinder."

While Crosbie arrived late at the Friday convention, and was hustled quickly into a makeshift TV studio, another leading light made a more glamorous entrance. Brian Mulroney walked the length of the hall, shaking hands and waving, before retiring to comb his hair and take a seat in a dark corner. Tanned from a Florida vacation, Mulroney worked the hotel suites and lobbies incessantly. Pressed by the media about his intentions, Mulroney would only smile broadly and state "I have a job, I'm president of the Iron Ore Company of Canada." On Saturday afternoon, his tall, striking wife, Mila, at his side, Mulroney entered a packed, smoky meeting of the Quebec delegates and was met with loud cheers and a sustained chorus of "Bri-an' Bri-an'." It was left to Marcel Danis, leader of the Quebec Tories, to announce Mulroney's intention to run in the byelection in the Joliette seat vacated by Clark's sole surviving Quebec MP, Roch LaSalle. A seat in Parliament is the one major qualification Mulroney needs to successfully challenge Clark. It was this prospect of a favorite son as leader that crippled Clark's support in Quebec, a province he had counted on.

Unless he moves first, Clark leaves himself at the dubious mercy of his party's national executive. A convention call can come only from them. The picture is muddied, however, by the election Sunday of Peter Blaikie as party president. Twice creamed as a Clark candidate in Montreal, Blaikie promises party unity but would not deny at his first press conference he had his *own* ambitions for Clark's job. In the short term this works to Clark's favor, Blaikie needing time to build a national platform for himself. Further, Blaikie should siphon some support from that other bilingual Montreal lawyer, Brian Mulroney.

It is a queasy Conservative party facing Joe Clark. Before the fateful vote, party unity was in order—in large part because of his successful Commons stands against the Liberals on the constitution and energy programs. Now, however, Clark's weak grip on the leadership can only damage a party already old-fashioned virtues of forgiveness and loyalty. At one bear-pit session run by anti-Clark forces, his young defenders were aggressively supportive and openly questioned the purity of motives of the main instigators of the review movement. "I don't think anyone in this room is perfect," one young woman said about Clark, to loud applause.

Despite all evidence to the contrary, Joe Clark is a relatively young man and sincerely committed to attracting young people to his party.

But in the end, Joe Clark and his youthful defenders ran into a solid wall of edult realism, manifested in Friday night's vote.

However, outgoing President Bob Coates may have come closer to the real soul of the Tory party in a convention-opening speech that borrowed heavily from the collected wisdoms of John Diefenbaker and Harry Truman. "May I take you back to 1967," he began, when one lone heckler shouted, "No!" Coates chastised the heckler for being "rude," then went right on with his eulogy to loud, sustained applause. In the end, the only new blood at the Tory convention was all over the floor.

—SUSAN RILEY

Former Clark ministers MacDonald and Steve Paproski: chasm of disenchantment



BRIAN WILLER/MACLEAN'S

Susan McEwan and Geoffrey Bell of Winnipeg (left), Dorothy Croft from Windsor: some punk paraphernalia





BRIAN WILLER/MACLEAN'S

Manitoban Lea Scribner (left), Peter and Jeanne Lougheed: 'two, three, four'



54 bottles of beer on the wall

While the discreet vivisection of Joe Clark was going on in private hotel suites and noisy bars at last week's Tory convention, leather-lunged teen-agers were shouting their leader's praises before crowded halls and rolling cameras with all the premeditated spontaneity of political pros.

There were, according to party claims, more young delegates at this convention than at any other and, of the 1,100 who showed up, nearly half had votes. They came, for the most part, not to bury Joe but to praise him. Their strongest show of support came Thursday night when Clark's rather ordinary speech to a youth banquet was interrupted an estimated 54 times by wild cheering and the rumble of beer bottles hitting tables.

In fact, spirits were running so high that the crowd even started chanting "Knowl-ton, Knowl-ton" when the CBC's owlish anchorman was pointed out in the media crush.

But in the end, Joe—who was indisputably a hit—was only the warm-up act for the evening's real attraction: the Vancouver band Doug and the Slugs. Portly lead singer Doug Bennett—known as the Dave Barrett of punk—provided light rock laced with lewd suggestions and the odd oblique shot at his high-school prom audience. "Hey," he yelled, at one point, "We're the band with simplistic answers to dumb questions!" The 1,000 or more young people kept on dancing—a few decked out in punk paraphernalia, including green cardboard "slug" ears, a few in prematurely pinstriped three-piece suits, but most looking like any crowd of people standing at a bus stop.

But if they were full of beer and bravado by night, by day they were terribly sober. At one workshop a young man proposed a military draft for Canada to thwart the Communist menace. At another there were calls for an end to the old age pension. "It is not my responsibility," said Toronto youth delegate Jim Kings, "to take care of people who have failed to provide for their own retirement." One young farmer told another group he would not hire a homosexual for fear of losing his business.

But despite outbursts from the razor-cut right, there were also displays of the

terrified of losing the next election, and spending the next seven—not three—years in opposition. Even before Friday's vote, 34 Tory MPs would not support him publicly, and six of those were fellow Albertans. With the vote, it is no longer party unity at stake. The issue is party disunity—and how to mend it. "If they took last night's vote again today, it would still be 66 to 34," predicted one Tory insider on Saturday. "But it would be 66 against Joe this time."

That fatal failure of nerve over his speech probably cost Clark no more than five per cent of the vote. But it was the five per cent he and the party needed most, the figure that would carry him beyond an open challenge. "The leadership was not resolved when the meeting began and it wasn't resolved when it finished," agonized a Clark supporter. "How long can we go on like this?" A more foreboding comment may have come from another [illegible] the leader spoke Friday. "If we can't convince ourselves about Joe," asked London delegate Grant Hopwell, "how can we convince the country?"

Back into the quicksand of their discontent

'From hissing and knifing to cheering and knifing'

By Robert Lewis

"The party was deeply affected by both the election victory and the loss—but it was the victory which changed us most—because we became aware again that this can be a winning party."

With his penchant for self-serving political punditry, Joe Clark got it wrong when he addressed the youth of the party on the eve of last week's leadership review. It was the loss in 1980, not the win of 1979, [illegible] The pragmatists who tasted power, and wanted it back fast, added their votes to the reactionary rump, which opposed the leader from the start. The blend of old and new amounts to a concoction—one part acid, two parts stale Seltzer—that is clearly indigestible, if it doesn't ferment as hemlock.

Clark's first sip will come this week when he begins sampling the mood of his caucus, whose support he needs to survive. At least 30 out of 102 want a new leader, which is a lot of fire to douse. Within hours of the vote Friday night, many privately were damning ministers could rarely be confirmed. Even at the convention, few sympathizers came out of the closet with buttons or banners. They were also weakened by the paucity of debate on the leadership issue at the meeting and by the lack of any declared contender to replace Clark. Among possibles cited by review committee members: Alberta's Peter Lougheed, Manitoba's Sterling Lyon and former finance minister John Crosbie.

For the record, Gamble and review committee Chairman Tom Viersen declared the battle lost and the committee defunct. In fact, cadres of anti-Clark activists now thrive in all regions, however secretly; they know who they are. They predict Clark will do all he can to avoid holding yet another biennial meeting before the next election. They will lie low for a while, then begin to press for a convention through Clark's caucus of MPs, and to seek their own champion. Says Viersen: "There are people out there ready to go after the leadership. We've got to make that happen."

—JOHN HAY





BRIAN WILLER/MACLEAN'S

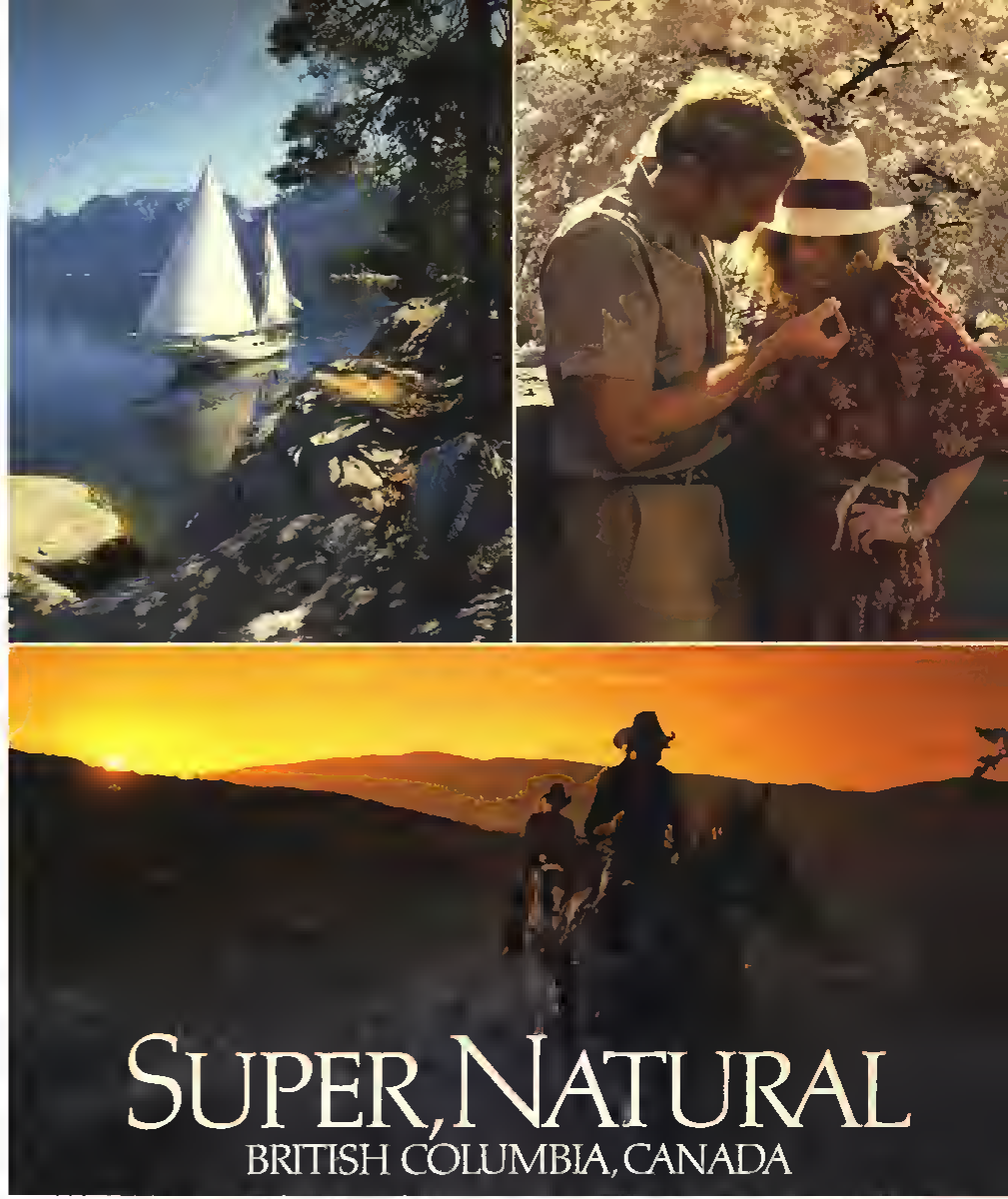
Crosbie (above) and Gamble: workshops and the bleatings of dinosaurs

Disclaimers notwithstanding, the only issue they raised was whether Clark could win the next election. It was a question that troubled a goodly number across the country, by the time the convention opened, the committee had collected—and spent—nearly $50,000 with a fund-raising scheme permitting anonymous donations at any branch of the Bank of Montreal. Organizers say the largest single gift, anonymous, was $7,000. To the end, however, committee activists were pariahs in the party and only a few backers openly professed their beliefs. Reports of support among back-benchers—perhaps more than 40 voted by secret ballot for a leadership contest—and among provincial cabinet

A battle lost, a war to win

The review committee surely couldn't have been the band of treacherous right-wing fanatics Joe Clark's friends railed against. Committee ally and MP John Gamble insists the group was not after Clark's scalp at all—it only wanted to give the party the chance to choose its best available leader. A leadership review would unify the party, not rip it apart. Gamble purred before the leadership vote Friday that he couldn't think of a better way "for people to get together and enjoy themselves" than with a leadership convention. Among shell-shocked, rheumy-eyed veterans whose careers had been blasted away in earlier Tory wars, that cosy view can't be squared with their own vivid memories.

The first fact about the review committee is that it was small, hardly more than 30 people, most of them from Gamble's riding association in York North near Toronto. It was also far to the right of the Tory mainstream. Clark for months has pleaded with the party to broaden its appeal to women, the young and urban ethnic groups—voters now largely in the arms of the Liberals and New Democrats. "My response to that," declares Gamble, "is rubbish." Yet, with a direct-mail campaign aimed at party members, the committee kindled discontent among a wider range of Conservatives.



Spring fling. Hiking. Sailing. Fishing. Skiing. Exploring. At mount-in cabins. Hot spring retreats. Guest ranches. Vancouver's parks. Victoria's English courtyards and gardens.

Uncrowded, affordable vacation packages. Ocean trail cruises. Gold rush tours. Comfy campers.

Call your travel agent or write Tourism British Columbia, Dept. 803, 1117 Wharf Street, British Columbia V8W 2Z2.

We'll show you a perfect end to your winter. Our Spring.

TOURISM BRITISH COLUMBIA
HON. PAT JORDAN, MINISTER.

INTRODUCING THE TOYOTA CRESSIDA EXECUTIVE.

The new Cressida Executive. It's what life at the top should be.

The new Cressida offers a life of luxury, convenience and handling that sets it apart from any other luxury car, import or domestic. It includes standard features you won't find on other luxury cars costing thousands of dollars more.

Cressida offers standard reclining bucket seats with lumbar support—not available even as an option on a Cadillac. Standard power steering and 6-position tilt steering wheel—options not available on the BMW 320i. And for economical performance, Cressida has a remarkable 4-speed overdrive automatic transmission—unavailable at any price in any other imported luxury sedan, except Mercedes.

More Standard Features: 2.8 litre electronically fuel injected engine • power windows • power door locks • rich velour upholstery • AM/FM/MPX Stereo, 4-speaker radio with electronic search • power antenna • cruise control • climate control • digital quartz clock with date • adjustable headrests, fore and aft, and more.

The new Cressida Executive. Now even those at the top can own a Toyota.

See your Toyota dealer about buying or leasing one today.



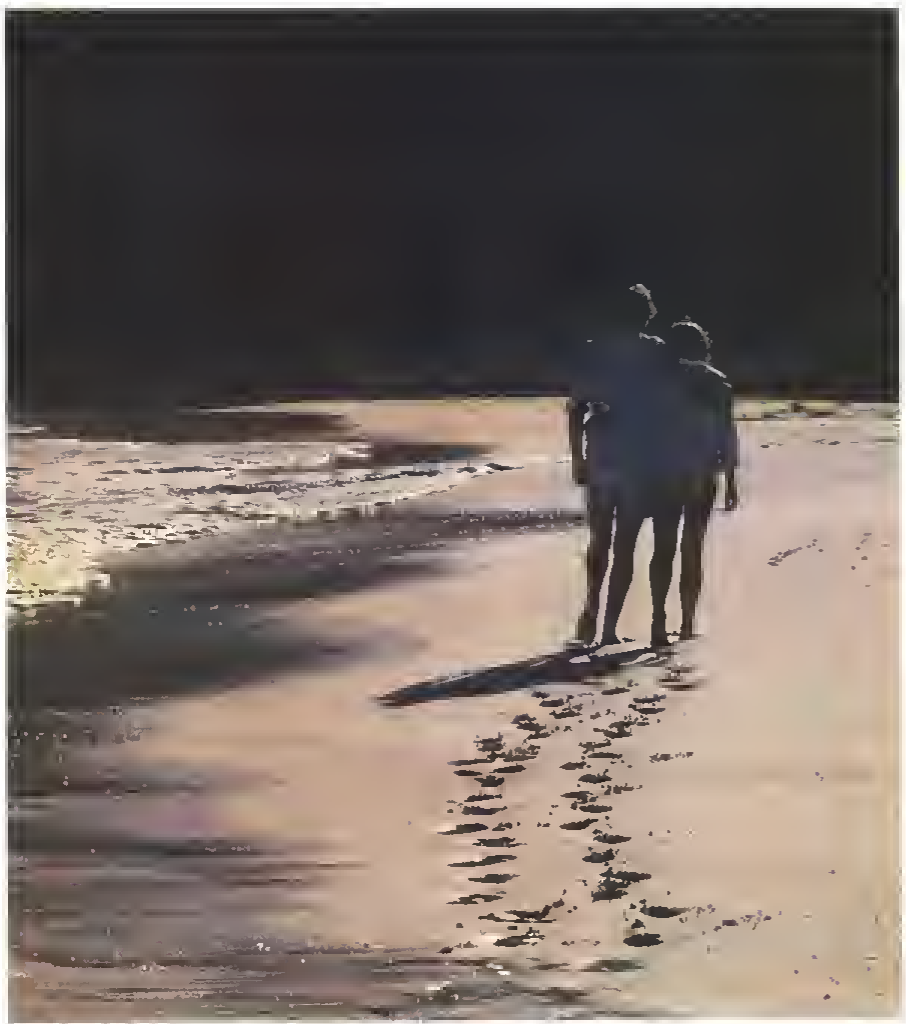
Graphic equalizer, cassette and aluminum wheels shown are optional.

LIFE AT THE TOP.

TOYOTA

SOMEDAY

we'll take off. Just the two of us.
No kids. No pets. No worries. We'll
be on a lonely beach. And plan
another 100 years together.



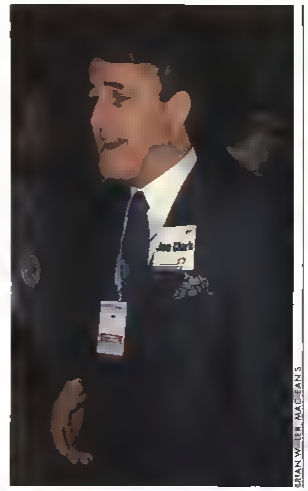
Remember the first time you mentioned going away? How many somedays ago was that? Is your warm and wonderful someday really ever going to happen? Right now, your travel agent or airline can arrange especially good values in air travel on Boeing jetliners. To anywhere in the world. So go. Before your someday slowly slips away.

BOEING

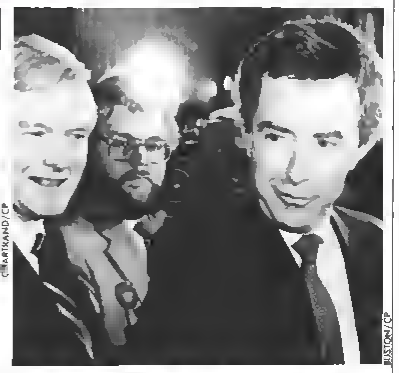
Clark with faint phrases. In the party at large—already out of step with a majority of voters—the restiveness is intensified by the sense that an isolated inner circle squandered power, and failed to deliver even the patronage and perks of office.

As the aspirants to the throne now mount their campaigns more boldly, the PCs will be crippled in the house and demoralized in the face of byelections called last week by Pierre Trudeau for April 13 in London West and Cardigan, P.E.I., and in Lévis, Quebec, on May 4. Their successful assault on Trudeau's constitutional scheme will be blunted.

It was Clark, actually, who planned to hit the road with a fresh mandate from his troops. He knew from his pollster, Allan Gregg of Toronto, that the Tories were going nowhere among Quebec, ethnic and women voters. Clark concluded that the PCs, as he put it Friday night, had to "deliberately broaden the base" and take the case to people "who have not voted for us, because they do not know us." He warned repeatedly: "We are fishing in too shallow a pool." In contrast to the natural governing coalition of the Liberals, only 40 per cent of people sampled by the PCs had given a thought to voting Tory in 1980.







Mulroney (top), McTeer (above) and (right) Davis and Clark: one part acid, two Seltzer

Yet Clark and his hardball coterie stifled any chance for substantive debate on issues last week, which would have been an obvious point to start the search for a new look. The policy resolutions sent in from the regions, sparse though they were in numbers, were boiled down into vacuous statements of good intentions. To avoid conflicts, the social policy streams ran dry on subjects like medicare, immigration and poverty. In workshops the bleatings of the dinosaurs overpowered any sounds of spring. At one point a lone Ontario delegate lamented: "Quite obviously there aren't any poor people in this room—or they would have been tarred and feathered."

Clark loyalists blamed their problems on the party's small "core vote," or old guard. "It's a party of 'ins' who want to be 'outs,'" scoffed one adviser after the vote. Added a second sarcastically: "The new party? We have progressed from hissing and booing the leader—and knifing him, to cheering—and knifing him."

In the end, a third of the delegates concluded otherwise. The problem they saw lay not in the party but in the leader. They adopted the bloodless—and bloody—view that for all his evident and earnest commitment, Clark's persona refracts the beacon of modernity. One good example is the response to Clark's determined promotion of women's issues: despite a sincere commitment, shared by Flora and David MacDonald, party surveys revealed that even professional women had doubts about the commitment, and, presumably, about the chief messenger.

The agony for the Tories is that there is, so far, no clear alternative to Clark. Delegates sampled in this month's *Maclean's*-Carleton poll, for example, indicated that 39 per cent favored Clark if a leadership review were to be called. Next on the list: Brian Mulroney (11 per cent), John Crosbie (7), Peter Lougheed (6), David Crombie (3), Flora MacDonald (2) and Bill Davis (1). Rated on a scale of 0 to 100, the leader regarded as the most effective politician—Peter Lougheed, with 80 per cent—has dim national prospects. Crosbie, like Lougheed unable to speak French, was second with 75 per cent, followed by Clark (72), MacDonald (69), Crombie (68), Davis (64), Brian Peckford (63), Mulroney (57) and Richard Hatfield (54).

The blow to Clark came at a time when party fortunes were on the rise. The latest Gallup poll, taken in January, put the Liberals at 40 per cent in the country, to 34 for the PCs and 23 for the New Democrats. This is roughly the popular vote percentage obtained by the two main parties in the 1979 election—when Clark won a minority. Party surveys last fall showed the PCs improving in all areas of the country—Quebec included—except in Metropolitan Toronto. Since then, Clark's performance on the constitution, and a firm mandate last week, would have placed him in a strong position for the months ahead.

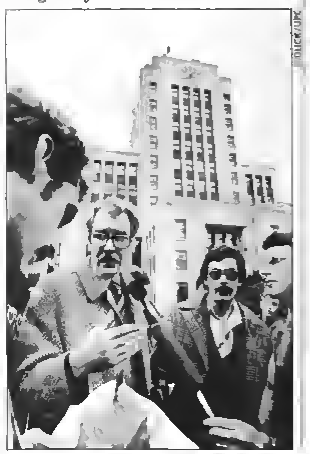
Instead, the party has reverted to type, a reminder of a lusty history dating back at least to 1920, when problems with the Quebec wing drove Robert Borden from the leadership. As George Perlin observes in *The Tory Syndrome* (McGill-Queen's University Press), only three PC leaders since Sir John A. Macdonald escaped without overt challenges to their authority. "And," Perlin adds, "the career of every leader since Borden had ended with the leader under pressure to resign." Clark, a youthful party to the dumping of John Diefenbaker, will now discover whereof The Chief spoke when he observed in 1966: "No leader can go ahead when he has to turn around to find out who is trying to trip him from behind." ✪

British Columbia

Pickets chirping 'round the clock

At high noon, old newspapers blow through downtown Vancouver like tumbleweed in Gopher Gulch Green garbage bags blossom beside the crocuses and unrepaired telephone switchboards sit in office closets like dusty urban artifacts. After three years of eerie B.C. labor relations calm (due partially to the lingering "cold shower" effect of anti-inflation board restrictions), the province is nervously entering a year of contract negotiations affecting some 183,000 B.C. workers.

It has not started well. Last week, a highly visible four-week strike by 10,000 municipal workers against the Greater Vancouver Regional District led to more picket line scuffles as private garbage haulers tried to enter public dumps. A coalition of 13 Vancouver arts groups wailed that they had so far lost a precious $500,000 in cancellations and bookings in three large city-owned theatres, the Orpheum, Queen Elizabeth and Vancouver Playhouse. Meanwhile, officials of the 11,000-member Telecommunications Workers Union (TWU), locked out by B.C. Telephone Co. after an unprecedented five-day seizure of company switching stations in early February, threatened to escalate their picketing to banks and post offices hoping to choke off the flow of phone bills. Fast-moving "flying squads" of TWU pickets shadowed supervisors who attempted to repair business phones, shutting down a ferry terminal and several grocery stores.



DUCK/JPC



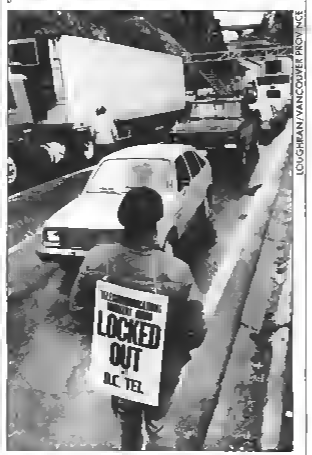
STOODY/CP

Strike-plied garbage and Vancouver skyline: more than crocuses blossom

Particularly angered by the intransigent attitude of American-owned B.C. Tel, whose bargaining stance federal Labor Minister Gerald Regan has called "bizarre," B.C. Federation of Labor President Jim Kinnaird warns, "It would be a mistake to think that the B.C. labor movement has fallen asleep." Although backpedalling from an earlier declaration of labor "war," Kinnaird charges employers with having a new "cold, ruthless approach to the bargaining table." He implies that even though he has done his part to keep employee wage demands moderate, the federation's counterpart, the 160-member Employers' Council of B.C., has not kept its members in line. Although reports indicate horrified council members have leaned on bad-boy B.C. Tel heavily, council President William Hamilton insists he can do nothing to force a member to heel. He also denies vehemently that there is any concerted effort among council members this year to "show [the unions] who's boss."

Posturing aside, both sides want to avoid a clash. Strike numbers are still low, but the potent combination of spiralling housing costs (the average January selling price of a house in Vancouver was $177,000), the poisonous B.C. Tel strike and the relative opulence of B.C.'s export-based economy has many worried that demands will grow. Despite the efficiencies of B.C.'s state-of-the-art 1974 Labor Code, the June bargaining between an industry-wide coalition of forest companies and the 40,000-member International Woodworkers of America is foreseen as decisive.

B.C.'s volatile labor history combined with the province's relative prosperity makes it an unreliable bellwether for 1981 Canadian labor relations. Still, with uninflated real employee wages down in most of Canada in contrast to B.C., national observers are watching the West Coast closely. Says University of B.C. associate professor of business Mark Thompson, "I'm not predicting disaster [in B.C.], but it will be a tough year." —THOMAS HOPKINS



LOUGHRAN/VANCOUVER PROVINCE

Alderman Bruce Ericksen with reporters, and picketers patrolling ferry ramp: tough times but no disaster

Montreal

It's the rich wot gets the pleasure

Millionaire playboy John Roydan McConnell was otherwise hazy on faces and dates, but he told a Montreal court last week he was sure he had "made love to" redheaded ex-call-girl Leslie Lawton in February, 1972, in Jamaica, because, he said, "I had my Buick." Then 23, McConnell was rapidly devouring a $700,000 trust fund he had inherited less than three years before. "I blew a lot of money on stock car racing," he testified. With a home in Jamaica, an apartment in Montreal, an uninsured $40,000 speedboat wrecked on a Bahamian reef and the odd chartered "small jet," McConnell was travelling hard and fast in mixed company. Charged with extorting $82,000 from McConnell, who testified as a material witness, is former business partner Gerald Falovitch, 33, his wife, Daveda, 30, and three other men.

Lawton had testified (*Maclean's*, March 2) about her seduction of McConnell—an elaborate charade in which Lawton was allegedly paid $300 by Falovitch "to put his business partner into a good mood." She said she pretended to be married so as to add spice to the bedding. McConnell told police: "She said she had a husband and she wanted to run away from him and wanted to have, you know, a fling. So, you know, let's go do it!" He said that about three weeks later he was threatened and warned that Lawton was the wife of a Mafia chief. "Don't leave the island," he was told. "The 'big boss' is coming down to see you."

"I didn't know who to turn to," said McConnell, "so I telephoned Falovitch in Miami." Within 24 hours, underworld wheels were allegedly turning and the two were on their way back to Montreal and a meeting with "Mafiosi." In a suite in Montreal's Queen Elizabeth Hotel, McConnell said he sweated out negotiations. "They were mostly in Italian," which he does not understand. Across from him at a table, said McConnell, sat a man posing as a New Jersey underworld figure—"Columbo." Accused in that role is 73-year-old Vincenzo Soccio, though McConnell told the court he was unable now to identify him "with certainty." Columbo allegedly said to McConnell: "You shouldn't have done what you did. You should respect someone else's wife." For the trouble of tracking McConnell down, for the injury and other expenses, the parties agreed on an $82,000 payment. "I was broke," said McConnell. "I had to go to my father for the money." McConnell got a cheque for $92,000—intending to use the $10,000 extra "for personal expenses." Unfortunately, he said, he just managed to pay his telephone bill and a few others before turning over most of the extra to Falovitch "as a sort of honorarium" to thank Montreal "mobsters" for acting as go-betweens.

During his two days of testimony last week, the tanned and moustachioed McConnell contradicted his previous police and court statements several times. "I didn't really find Lawton all that attractive," he told the court, but



McConnell: 'I blew a lot of money'

defence counsel Robert Sacchitelle read to him from his first police statement. "She had a good-size bustline, you know. I like that." "Unattractive?" asked Sacchitelle. Replied McConnell: "Well, aside from ... "

Defence lawyers also tried to establish that McConnell is biased against Falovitch, who is suing him for $1.4 million in a civil case, a decision that has been pending since last May and awaits the outcome of this criminal trial. Since 1972, both McConnell's grandmother and father have died, leaving him a hefty share of the $600-million fortune originally accumulated by grandfather John and added to by his father, both publishers of the now-defunct *Montreal Star*. Unlike those of his forebears, young John's business ventures have met with few successes. His stock car racing company is long dead, as is the record company he began with Falovitch. Asked his present occupation, McConnell stuttered, "I'm unemployed," adding that he is involved in a film editing company that hasn't yet taken off.

The murkiness of charges and countercharges deepened last Thursday when McConnell acknowledged he went to the RCMP 10 years ago and accused Falovitch of stealing his shotgun. "Did you do that simply out of revenge?" asked counsel. "I did," admitted McConnell. That history and others may be cleared up this week when McConnell returns to the witness stand. First, though, Judge Jean-Paul Bergeron of the Quebec Superior Court will hear three days of voir dire testimony, deciding what evidence is admissible. As the jury filed home for a few days' rest Thursday, McConnell petitioned the court for permission to leave the country. "I'll be back Wednesday," he promised. "I just have to go down to Jamaica to attend to a few business affairs." —ANNE BEIRNE

Quebec

A thorn in the premier's paw

"What the hell is a $50,000 bribe?" asked a piqued Quebec Premier Rene Lévesque last week as he began campaigning for a provincial election widely expected for April 13. An allegation that someone in the premier's entourage had attempted to buy silence with such a bribe is the latest in a rapid-fire series of accusations which, true or not, have tainted the Parti Québécois government's most precious remaining asset: its reputation for administrative purity.

First came revelations that a Lévesque appointee to the Quebec Housing Corporation practised nepotism and had himself hired as a private contractor for questionable work he supervised.

Accident victim Trottier, as seen in a film on alcoholism, behind a series of revelations, a man with a mission



MONTREAL MAT'N



NADEAU/CP

Lévesque: what's a $50,000 bribe?

as a public official (*Maclean's*, Jan 19) Then a link was suggested between Lévesque's 1977 car accident, which killed vagrant Edgar Trottier, and the subsequent awarding of nearly $1 million in Hydro-Quebec contracts to a consulting firm partly owned by the victim's relatives The alleged bribe attempt, which the government says is being investigated by provincial police, also involved the Quebec Housing Corporation

One man is the focus of all three embarrassments—a 55-year-old building specialist named Yvan Latouche, who claims his revelations of alleged wrongdoing are patriotically motivated But his reliability as an informant was denigrated by the premier, who advised reporters to investigate the man's background "I've got nothing to say about Mr Latouche, but it's an interesting question that you should find a way to answer yourselves"

Latouche is a mysterious figure, partly because he spins about himself a spy-like veil of secrecy, steadfastly refusing to be photographed, giving out his unlisted phone number as though it were the key to a military code and imbuing his actions with a sense of mystical mission "I was told by my dying father that one day I would be renowned I didn't know what he meant until now" Portly, with little formal education, Latouche is a snappy dresser and clearly knows his way around the construction industry, one of the country's most savage business jungles He was hired by the Quebec Housing Corporation to help prepare legal cases against contractors who had allegedly botched building jobs for the government agency It was during that time that he reported to superiors the dubious use of public funds to renovate a Montreal building for use mainly as a bar and liquor store. Eventually, his report made its way into public print—but not before he had tried persistently to tell the Lévesque government of goings-on at the housing agency, where cost control is virtually nonexistant

Latouche says he was fired by the corporation—the second time he claims to have been sacked by a Quebec public corporation for having exposed incidents of corruption Following his departure last August from the housing authority—which says his contract was simply allowed to expire—Latouche met with Lévesque's closest adviser and chief of staff, Jean-Roch Boivin, to detail the housing irregularities Boivin rejected the charges Then Latouche tried another approach, passing the information on to a Parti Québécois riding association president, who himself went directly to Lévesque But to no avail So, satisfied that he had loyally given the government a chance, he then delivered his dossiers to the Liberal opposition

Latouche and the truth were shown in a different light a fortnight ago when the *Toronto Star* revealed that he had discussed the possibility of compiling information on the premier's 1977 car accident and using it to demand "monetary compensation" Rather than an informer, Latouche was suddenly cast as an actor in an unsavory affair Both Latouche and the brother-in-law of victim Trottier admit to discussing such a scheme, but their versions of the conversation vary Latouche claims it was the brother-in-law, Jacques Danis, who broached the idea Danis says the opposite, that it was Latouche who suggested they "gather more information" about the accident and then make contact with the premier's office

The government has been criticized for its handling of the accident. there was no exhaustive inquiry, though Lévesque was fined $27 for failing to wear eyeglasses, as his licence requires The victim's body contained a 225 alcohol laval, according to an autopsy report, but there was no test of the premier's alcohol laval after the early hours' mishap which occurred as he drove home from a dinner party with his mistress (whom he later married), Corinne Côté Both Latouche and Danis deny ever pursuing what would be blackmail The consulting firm Danis was involved in, along with the dead man's brother, did receive substantial Hydro-Quebec contracts, but some of them were awarded even before the premier's accident.

One thing is certain Yvan Latouche, who says his specialty is "business investigations," makes embarrassing information his stock-in-trade His housing corporation files found their way not only to eager opposition politicians but to private contractors, who are now using them to sue the government agency for alleged business losses

Latouche is the presumed target of the $50,000 bribe offer, though just who made it, and why, is in dispute Was it to make him talk or to shut him up? Both versions are circulating And there wasn't much light on the affair from Lévesque, who said "There's enough normal mudslinging during elections I won't start feeding it myself"

—DAVID THOMAS

Vancouver

How two Mounties got their own man

What started out as a private tiff among three Mounties in the Vancouver suburb of Langley on Jan 5, 1980, last week led to a landmark decision weakening the RCMP's disciplinary stranglehold on members of the force Full details of the dispute that night remain a mystery, but this much is certain one of the three, Cpl Ted Ridley, was brought to trial in provincial court last July charged with pointing a firearm at Constable Christopher Brulé who, while on duty, had visited Ridley and Special Consta-

Threlfall: prisoners had more rights

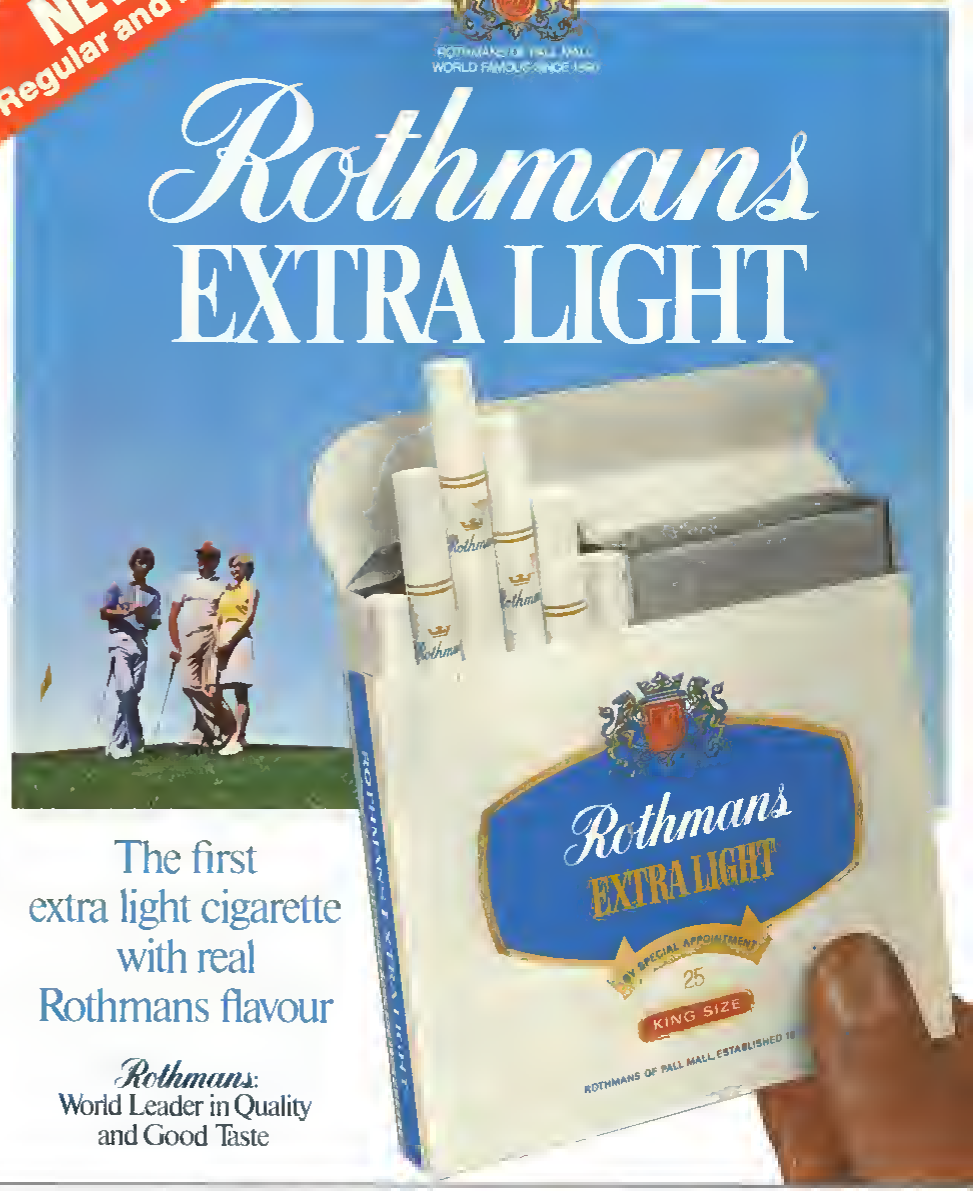


WOTHERSPOON/CP

NEW! Regular and King Size

ROTHMANS OF PALL MALL
WORLD FAMOUS SINCE 1890

Rothmans EXTRA LIGHT



The first extra light cigarette with real Rothmans flavour

Rothmans: World Leader in Quality and Good Taste

Warning Health and Welfare Canada advises that danger to health increases with amount smoked - avoid inhaling

ble Rita Husted at their home That case was dropped on a legal technicality before being heard—but that was not to be the end of the affair.

Superintendent Roy Byrne, in charge of administration and personnel for the Vancouver area, decided to proceed with charges internally against both Ridley and Husted. "We were convinced," says Byrne, "that there was sufficient evidence to justify a service court charge. After all, there had been no trial in criminal court." But RCMP justice wheels also grind slowly, and not until Dec. 7 did Ridley and Husted, neither of whom has been suspended despite the apparent seriousness of the charges, come up against Mountie law.

RCMP regulations entitle an accused member of the force to be represented only by another Mountie, even though conviction could result in demotion, fine or even imprisonment. Both accused wanted outside counsel, and took their case to the Federal Court of Canada, where their lawyer, Jim Threlfall, succeeded in convincing Mr. Justice G.A. Addy that the RCMP regulations in this instance were ultra vires. The judge said he could not "conceive that Parliament . . . intended to absolutely deny to all accused the benefit of counsel."

The decision represents a victory for the Association of 17 Divisions, a two-year-old, 2,000-strong Mountie organization seeking collective-bargaining rights for the force. The association is paying Threlfall, who says "Until this decision, prisoners in jail had more rights than Mounties. This will have large ramifications and should help boost morale."

The 1976 Marin Commission report recommended that RCMP officers be allowed counsel of their choice. Two bills to that end were introduced in Parliament in the late 1970s, but they died on the order paper. The association is lobbying hard for similar legislation to be reintroduced. Meanwhile, the Mountie brass have decided to appeal the decision because, says Superintendent Byrne, "In all fairness, these accused should not get the benefits of counsel which have been previously denied to others." —MARK BUDGEN

Peter's pain in the tank

There was never any doubt the taxpayer would have to foot the bill for Alberta Premier Peter Lougheed's decision to cut back oil production in retaliation for Ottawa's low-price energy policies. It was just a question of how Energy Minister Marc Lalonde would get *his* point across. Last week, on the eve of Lougheed's production cut, Lalonde convinced an already hawkish federal cabinet to heat up the energy war by imposing a "Lougheed levy" of half-a-cent a litre, applied to gasoline and heating oil. His strategy was obvious. "We want to identify the source," a Lalonde strategist conceded.

Lalonde was scheduled to announce the levy in Parliament Monday, with prices at the pump to change within 24 hours. The proceeds will defray the $130 million it will cost Ottawa annually to replace Lougheed's cutback of 60,000 barrels a day with imported crude oil. Lalonde promises to add the same half-cent levy should Lougheed follow through on his promise to up the ante by making two further cuts of 60,000 barrels on June 1 and Sept. 1. Together, these three half-cent levies, coupled with the special levy oil consumers may have to pay to finance Petro-Canada's take-over of Petrofina Canada, could add up to 5.5 cents to a litre of gasoline and heating oil by this fall.

Lalonde's moves are not entirely political. He could have chosen to cool the rhetoric by folding the new costs into the bloated Oil Import Compensation Program. But that would add about $400 million a year to a program that cost Canadians a staggering $3.2 billion in 1980. These subsidies to Quebec and Maritime refineries are the cost of maintaining a single price for Canadian oil when the price of domestic oil is $17.75 a barrel, while the average price paid for that third of Canadian oil needs filled by imports runs to $42 a barrel. The irony is that this one-price system was designed to encourage Canadian "unity." —IAN ANDERSON



PALMER/UPC

Lougheed: identifying the source

BUSINESS

A clearer picture for Telidon

Telidon, Canada's remarkable two-way television system, has been like a character in search of an author since its inception three years ago. The brainchild of engineers at the federal department of communications, Telidon has received miserly funding in comparison with the lavish government financing of competing—and technologically inferior—systems in Britain and France. In a race in which superior technology is only one ingredient of success, Telidon has also lacked a mighty corporate sponsor in the United States to promote the new technology.

Just as Telidon appeared in danger of falling behind, however, its fortunes took a dramatic turn for the better. In the past month, Telidon has received two significant boosts in its bid to become the North American leader in this revolutionary technology. First, the federal government agreed to supply $27.5 million in development funds over the next two years. Then, two giant U.S. news organizations, Time Inc. and the Times Mirror Company, chose Telidon for use in two unrelated field trials. Says Douglas Parkhill, assistant deputy minister of research in the department of communications: "This has probably been our best month yet."

The increase in federal funding, though still inadequate by European standards, is intended to help Telidon break out of what Parkhill calls the "chicken and egg syndrome." Manufacturers have not wanted to produce Telidon equipment in volume without a variety of applications to give it mass appeal, potential suppliers of information and services through Telidon have, on the other hand, been reluctant to spend large sums on development without a guaranteed audience. Just under half the federal allotment will go toward creating that audience. 6,000 terminals will be built and loaned to businesses wanting to start operational systems or marketing trials. The presence of a large audience is expected to stimulate the development of the so-called information industry, which is forecast to grow by 30 per cent a year in the second half of the 1980s.

How much of those revenues flow back to Canada depends to a large degree on Telidon's success in the U.S. market. The Time project is a major step in that direction. The beneficiaries in Canada will be the two electronics firms licensed to manufacture Telidon video equipment—Electrohome Ltd. of Waterloo, Ont., and tiny Norpak Ltd. of Pakenham, Ont., near Ottawa—and a Toronto company, Infomart Co., primarily responsible for developing Telidon programming systems. Infomart was formed as a joint venture by media conglomerates Torstar Corp. and Southam Inc. to develop and market the system's software potential. Time's move, says Infomart Vice-President John McLean, is "the most aggressive teletext trial in U.S. history." Through its cable and pay-TV subsidiaries, Time has access to one-quarter of all cable subscribers in the U.S. If the field trial is successful, Time plans to offer its subscribers a wide range of information, including the editorial content of its seven magazines, its Washington *Star* newspaper and Time-Life Books.

Telidon was chosen for the trials because its graphics and editorial flexibility are superior to those of the competing systems, Britain's Prestel and France's Teletel-Antiope.

Perhaps because both Prestel and Antiope were developed before Telidon, neither European system has gone beyond dividing the television screen into tiny "rectangular boxes," which makes for more primitive images than Telidon's more fluid system using "points of light." Telidon will have to maintain this technical edge over its competitors to remain a winner. It's precisely the money that will flow from orders of this kind that should enable it to do so. —GILLIAN MACKAY



BUSTON/CP

Parkhill, Telidon video displays: superior technology one ingredient



Any port in a storm

For a country with a merchant marine about as well-developed as Paraguay's or Upper Volta's, Canada relies heavily on foreign-owned shipping companies to keep its ports in business. Last week, one of these companies found a Canadian partner—no less than Canadian Pacific Ltd.—to buy into its North Atlantic container operations. The deal between CP and Dart Containerline Co. Ltd. will give CP a one-third stake in Dart, along with its current owners in Belgium and Hong Kong, for an undisclosed sum. And it appears to benefit all the parties involved—except Halifax, where about 250 jobs will be lost, and Canadian National, which will lose about $18 million in railway freight revenues when Dart leaves the port of Halifax this summer to join its new partner, CP, in Montreal.

Some see CN's loss of revenue as a case of tit for tat. CN "almost forced Dart's hand," says Halifax-Dartmouth Port Commission Executive Director Gary Blaikie, by investing heavily in CAST, a rival shipping company also based in Montreal. CN's $63-million interest in CAST prevented the railway from discussing partnership arrangements with Dart, even though CN might have been a logical partner as the sole railway servicing Halifax, where Dart was based. Asks Blaikie: "Why would Dart want to go on improving its facilities without a Canadian partner, knowing rival CAST has the financial muscle of a Crown corporation backing it up?" The link between CN and CAST, as an example of federal favoritism, so angered Premier John Buchanan that he called for a federal inquiry when the Dart move was announced.

Dart officials say they're not happy uprooting more than 25 per cent of Halifax container cargo to Montreal, but that's where CP plans to centralize. The arrival of Dart in Montreal is expected to bolster the fortunes of CP Ships and Manchester Liners, Dart's new partners, both in poor financial shape. As Manchester is owned by the same C.Y. Tung of Hong Kong who also owns one-third of Dart, the new cross-fertilization and interlocking ownership may well pull the companies up by their boat-straps. —ANTHONY WHITTINGHAM

Dart Halifax terminal: tit for tat



HALIFAX MAIL-STAR

COLUMN

The stiletto was the man himself



After two divisive decades, the lurid ghosts and little goblins dance on

By Roderick McQueen

In the end, and that *was* the end, the cause was a party that just won't quit. Oh, there were the Joe Clark jokes all right, and the abusive physical barrage with attention focusing cruelly on his hollow laugh, his strange rolling gait, the straight arms swinging with wrists facing out as if for the slashing. All of that matters not a whit now, for last Friday night Joe Clark's own party did him in.

It wasn't like the time John Diefenbaker was drummed out after a long and painful process, nor was it like Robert Stanfield fending off his detractors and finally choosing to retire. No, this was a public hanging, live, following *Dallas*. And Joe Clark was left whistling *"I'm getting buried in the morning."*



True, the party would not have strung him up were he a surefire winner. For all of his back-room expertise, there are some simple tenets he never followed. At the most basic level, he didn't like and rarely used the telephone, which most politicians must. Only in the past three months had he finally begun to pick it up and ask for help. As a back-bencher in the early 1970s, he would say that the first six months of a new leader's life set his public image in stone. But when his six months came, he brawled with fellow Alberta MP Stan Schumacher over Bow River riding, a fight that set the tone and sowed the trouble for his leadership. Both wanted to run in Bow River, but word was sent to Clark that Schumacher would back down if he were made a judge. All Clark had to do was phone Premier Peter Lougheed and ask for the plum to be passed, but he bridled at the trough of patronage. Positions hardened, leaving Schumacher nowhere to take his fight but into the streets. Clark saw that act as an invitation to duel but, after a bit of bushwhacking, backed down, a bitter loser who would not allow an opponent a graceful retreat.

The 1979 election was Pierre Trudeau's to lose and, in office, Clark's bloody-minded eyes never blinked through the stubborn Petrocan stance and his feeble attempts at reconciliation on Jerusalem, all carried on in the Bow River tradition. By the time of the 1980 election, the voters had long since concluded that Clark might be high-minded, but played *High Noon* with an empty pistol. In the midst of that campaign, he was even in trouble with his own party. His competence, particularly in Ontario and Quebec, was seen as next to nil. After the election, he bleated publicly about his image, forgetful of the recent past when his predecessor had been ridiculed on similar graveyard grounds. When image becomes a worry, a politician may as well say, "How do I leave thee? Let me count the days."

Now Clark is unlikely to recover from the double blow of that electoral defeat and the one-third vote against him. Friday. Of Canada's 16 prime ministers, 10 were defeated in office, only four made a comeback. There will be no fire in his belly next time, he was fired this time. Sad, because after two decades of divisiveness, the Conservative party could finally have rid itself of the lurid ghosts and little goblins that haunt it. Instead, one-third said he won't sell on the doorstep.

Worse, for Clark it was a shortfall that came after a few days of the best momentum the loyalists could muster. It began Wednesday when the passing mention of Clark's name in John Crosbie's speech to youth delegates caused the room to explode. The next day, a whisper campaign containing the word "surprise" whizzed around. Endorsements came from every member of his short-lived cabinet. Clark staffers, who 10 days earlier had been warily predicting 70 per cent, cheerfully eased it nearer 80 per cent. The night before the final vote, Clark spoke to a souped-up youth crowd, a well-lubricated bunch with the same blind mindset as the 1972 Youth for Nixon bunch in Miami. His speech was interrupted by applause more than it was delivered.

It was a speech he should have rolled out again the next night, rather than the flat piece of tin he flung at the crowd that so wanted wooing. Perched before them, nervous as a bird at a window feeder, he made them wilt under the weight of his words. He spoke of duties, values and responsibilities, a mélange of muffled stuff that was about as unexpected as a Polish invasion of the Soviet Union.

His rejection, then, wasn't entirely the party's fault, for he has no one foe to finger. Stenfield had the mischievous Dief around his neck; Dief had Dalton Camp to blame; even George Drew had his bad health. This time the stiletto was the man himself. Clark should have taken either of two courses. The first, suggested last fall, was that he call a leadership convention. That would have flushed out the contenders and meant clear victory with as little as 50.1 per cent. The other, given two months ago, was to guarantee the delegates in his Friday-night speech another vote within 18 months. He said no to both.

Now, 66 per cent is not good enough, and while he makes brave noises about soldiering on, he leaves a trail of blood. The members of his own caucus, among others, will be baying at that spoor, demanding he call a leadership convention to settle the issue that cannot wait. Meanwhile, Umberto, Clark's barber won't need to fly in from Toronto anymore, the party had his head sent out. The public is unlikely to salute either the body that remains or the bunch that did the deed.

CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

Maclean's OFFERS YOU CANADA AND THE WORLD



Yours at no extra cost when you subscribe to Canada's weekly newsmagazine.

To keep track of this rapidly changing world of ours, you really do need a good map. You don't have to spend $30 or $40 for an atlas. Just take advantage of Maclean's latest offer to get the maps you need as BONUS GIFTS. And, with Maclean's delivered to your home every week, you'll stay abreast of all the Canadian and world news that matters.

Here's how. Take 31 weeks of Maclean's and choose between the map of Canada and the map of the world. Take 52 weeks and we'll send you BOTH maps. They're splendid wall maps, printed in full color with special hand tinted highlights and ready for mounting.

Act today. You'll get your Bonus Gift map(s) shortly after we receive your subscription. AND THEY WON'T COST YOU AN EXTRA CENT. Simply fill in and mail the prepaid post card or coupon today.

31 issues only **$12.97** ($31 at newsstands; $15.50 by reg. sub.)

52 issues only **$19.95** ($52 at newsstands; $26.00 by reg. sub.)

2 EXTRA ISSUES FREE

CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE
Maclean's
Box 4040
Station A
Willowdale, Ont.
M2N 929

BONUS GIFT & SAVINGS COUPON

GET 2 EXTRA ISSUES FREE!

☐ 31 issues $12.97 ($31 at newsstands $15.50 reg. sub.) and bill me later PLUS
☐ Canada map 01 or ☐ World Map 10
☐ 1 enclose $12.97 for 33 issues PLUS
☐ 52 issues $19.95 ($52 at newsstands $26 reg. sub.) and bill me later PLUS BOTH MAPS 14
☐ 1 enclose $19.95 for 54 issues PLUS BOTH MAPS 14

Name
Address Apt
City Prov
Postal Code
SU2E7

Valid only in Canada

Katharine Hepburn has long been considered one of the great ladies of the North American screen but she obviously has not impressed film critic and author **Hollis Alpert**. In a forthcoming article in *The Dial*, an educational TV magazine, Alpert maintains that on set Kate was "an unmitigated pain in the neck." In addition, she attributes the 73-year-old actress' fame not to her ability, but to "longevity." Alpert is no kinder on Hepburn's private life, revealing details of her affair with her agent, **Leland Hayward**, and the enigmatic **Howard Hughes**, prior to the long-standing relationship with **Spencer Tracy**. After all, who should know more about romance than Alpert. She made her mark as a journalist more than 40 years ago with an article in *Esquire* that still causes yelps of wounded machismo—*Actors Are Lousy Lovers*.



Katharine Hepburn (above) and Rat Geldof: not expecting gulag knowledge

VITALE GAMMA/JAPSON

"I would prefer that everyone question everything they hear," says **Bob Geldof**, lead singer of **The Boomtown Rats** and one of the few personalities from the new wave genre who has consciously applied his intellect to his lyrics. On the Rats' current album, *Mondo Bongo*, political, sociological and totally scatological themes pervade, including the lyrical/literary image in a song called *Hurt Hurts*. "Instant Solzhenitsyn/I get salt mines when I hear your voice." "The kids who hear it will probably just get a Russian name and associate salt mines with Siberia. You can't expect them to know their gulags," says Geldof. For all its bounce and crash, *Bongo* reflects a lot of political insights that Rat Geldof picked up on last year's world tour. "My work exposes me to all kinds of travel and situations that turn into songs," he says. "I think rock musicians who go to a foreign country and just want to know what kind of beer they can drink and what kind of drugs they use show an enormous lack of imagination."



It was a pool cue over the head that made **Arnie Hamilton** finally see the light. Greater Victoria, B.C., police officers had been talking for years about starting their own private pub, but it wasn't until Hamilton, 33, a constable with the Esquimalt police force near Victoria, had a public-bar patron with a beef try a bank shot off his head that the Greater Victoria Essential Services Club was created. Using rented card tables and borrowed department of national defence chairs, the 70-seat club started, last August, signing up more than 250 of Greater Victoria's Finest and "essential services personnel," including nurses and court officials. Replete with framed crests and a $10,000 bar, the club has big plans. "Within two years we figure we'll have a squash court, weight room, sauna, whirlpool plus a lounge and restaurant," says Hamilton. Also planned are cruiser lights and a siren that can be activated by anyone buying a round for the house. And what will they be buying? There is no Magnum Force or Homicider concoction on the cocktail list, but there is a popular drink called a "10/33"—police jargon for "officer in distress."

Brigitta Bardot dropped in on Paris last week for a rare foray away from her home in St. Tropez, when a retrospective of her films played the capital. "I was 39 when I abandoned cinema," purred the 46-year-old sex-kitten-turned-human-humane-shelter. "You have to leave a beautiful image of yourself behind." When pressed on the question of a film comeback, however, B.B. bared her teeth. "I would be crazy to make another film," she barked. "I find the French cinema has become a horror. I no longer watch it. It has become a reflection of what France has become—something mediocre, something ordinary, without dreams, mystery or grand sentiment."

Margaret Trudeau evoked nary a comment when she called **Peter Lougheed** a "mother" before a sold-out crowd of 450 Alberta women in Lethbridge last week. Speaking at an all-female stag hosted by the local Bridge Alta Jaycees, Trudeau said the Alberta premier is "just taking Canada to the cleaners." Politics aside, the estranged wife of **Pierre Trudeau** received a standing ovation after a 45-minute talk about the joint child-custody arrangement she has with the prime minister, in which they alternate weeks as parents. At her home, she explained, **Justin, Sacha** and **Michel** get to watch Saturday-morning cartoons, eat Count Chocula cereal and stay up Sunday nights to watch *Dukes of Hazzard*.

"I haven't gained a pound since I was 15. I average three to five hours' sleep. I eat one meal a day. I don't take vitamins. I don't jog. I smoke 2½ packs of cigarettes a day. I can drink anyone under the table and I've never had a hangover." So says **Joe E. Granville**, the pontiff of personal profit who became the scourge of Wall Street when his "sell" order to newsletter subscribers helped spark a 36-point drop in the Dow in January. Granville was in Vancouver last week to do his vaudevillian buy-sell shtick for a crowd of 5,000 skeptics and believers. "I was on the **Jack Webster** TV show for 90 minutes," boasts the 57-year-old technical analyst. "The prime minister of Canada was on the show a few days before me. Webster only gave him 60 minutes. That shows you where the power is." While bouncing on the bed in his hotel room, Granville discussed the earthquake he has predicted for southern California on April 10 at 5:31 p.m. "What's the big deal," he declares. "I predicted one last year on the CBC *Morningside* program and four hours later it happened. I just pray to God I'm wrong about April 10."

Actor **Robert Logan** would probably have preferred the controlled canter of one of his polo ponies, but the best mount he could come up with in the wilderness area outside of Canmore, Alta., was an 1,100-lb. Kodiak grizzly named **Big Mac**. Logan and Mac were in Canmore to work on the Canadian film *Kelly*, which is being described as an off-the-wall mixture of *Kramer vs. Kramer* and *The Perils of Pauline*. Logan, an ex-Malibu surfer who first gained fame as the replacement for **Edd (Kookie) Byrnes** on the '60s TV series *77 Sunset Strip*, is currently prospering on the family film circuit in such bring-the-kids entertainment as *Wilderness Family I* and *II* and *Mountain Family Robinson*, which have earned more than $100 million. After *Kelly*, Logan began working on another family flick, *Peter and the Wolf*. Currently, he is packing his polo equipment for the arduous task of starring opposite **Doris Day** in a TV movie entitled *I Married Wyatt Earp*.



Logan on Mac (right) and bouncing Granville (below): buy-sell shtick

PAUL CRUZ

Director **Francis Coppola** narrowly averted bankruptcy last month when he was forced to pledge $1 million in personal property to keep up production on his $22-million film, *One From the Heart*. In recognition of the artistic integrity of the project, a romantic comedy set in surreal Las Vegas and starring **Frederic Forrest** and **Nastassia Kinski**, Coppola's employees have been accepting half-salary. An anonymous loan of $500,000 helped, followed by $105,000 from New York screenings of **Abel Gance**'s epic *Napoleon*, but with production costs of $1 million a week the Coppola organization was on tenterhooks. Enter Calgary oil and real estate tycoon **Jack Singer**, who promptly invested $1 million, with talk of more to come. Atlas Finance and Realty Corp. Ltd. President Singer, whose brother was once engaged to movie mogul **Jack Warner**'s daughter, has also invested in the Canadian films *By Design* and *Surfacing*. "He felt that if you were going to invest in film, you should do it with the best director and Coppola is the best," explains Singer's general manager, **Bob Gibson**.



Coppola: saved by Canadian tycoon

"Sex is my region, and I mean sex in every sense of the word," says earthy novelist **Aritha van Herk**, whose first book, *Judith*, was about a young girl arriving at sexual expression on an Alberta pig farm. In her second book, *The Tent Peg*, van Herk expands on the libido theme by shadowing a young woman arriving at sexual expression in a bush camp populated by rather anonymous geologists and surveyors, most of whom lack something called "balls." At 26, van Herk has reached the conclusion that "people disguise their true sexual feelings." This sentiment, however, appears to have little to do with her recent move from Alberta, where she was raised, to British Columbia. "It's wonderful country," she says of her former home province, "but they wouldn't know culture if it walked up and kicked them in the seat of the pants."

—EDITED BY MARSHA BOULTON

The rights of spring

The threat of a strike by baseball players is becoming an annual event

By Hal Quinn

Maybe no one is worth that much money for playing sports alone, and maybe this country has a perverse understanding of what sports mean.
—Dave Winfield, New York Yankees

Most people can relate, if not sympathize entirely, with glum-faced picketers who trudge the country's sidewalks as regularly as the mails used to be delivered. Pickets and their placards strike a common chord in these inflationary days. But discord in the world of sports leaves even the presidents of the largest conglomerates straining to empathize. Last week the now almost annual threat of a strike by major league baseball players was announced. At issue is the players' right to chase after salaries like Dave Winfield's—an estimated $24 million for 10 years' play.



Miller giving strike deadline (above), Montreal Expos warming up, owning people



Free agentry entered the lexicon in 1976, when U.S. federal courts granted baseball players rights enjoyed by commoners. The rulings stated that players with six years in the majors, after fulfilling contracts with their teams, could play out the final "option" year of their contracts and seek employment in the marketplace as individuals—free agents. In rapid, hyper-inflated stages, the dissolution of empathy between the common fans and the players culminated in Winfield's contract. Now team owners, whose competitive bidding for free agents fuelled the salary escalation, are trying once again to control themselves. Last year, a threatened players' strike over the same issue was averted by both parties agreeing to negotiate further. Those negotiations accomplished nothing.

At this winter's baseball meeting, Commissioner Bowie Kuhn doomed and gloomed, citing escalating costs and salaries as portents of disaster even as the grand old game enjoyed record attendance and TV income. Last week, flamboyant yachtsman, cable TV mogul and owner of the Atlanta Braves, Ted Turner, amplified the concerns of the owners. "Salaries are just too high over-all. They've got to come down or some teams will go broke, out of business." This, of course, is the same Ted Turner who last fall signed a distinctly average outfielder, Claudell Washington, to a $3.5-million contract. So, Turner and the other owners decided to implement their own plan, one that would compensate teams losing players via free agentry. They want compensation in kind—a regular player for a regular player. However repugnant that sounded to the so-recently emancipated players, the owners stipulated that the "high-ranking" players in question would receive that ranking based on plate appearances for hitters and innings pitched for pitchers, and that they be drafted by at least eight teams. The players quickly surmised that the owners could quite simply agree to draft any of the disenchanted "at least eight" times, effectively ending free agentry and turning the clock back to 1975.

Player representatives met with the executive director of their association, Marvin Miller, last week in Tampa, Fla. The meeting was brief. Miller emerged and announced that "the players' association shall strike beginning with all games scheduled to start on Friday, May 29, 1981" if a solution to the free-agent issue is not mutually agreed upon. "We ought to have the same rights as other Americans," said Toronto Blue Jay outfielder Rick Bosetti. "Ownership of property is consistent with the principles of our society, ownership of people is not."

And so, like last year, the players limbered up in spring training camps as countercharges flew. Ray Grebey, head of baseball management's Player-Relations Committee, said the "players' union continues to be more interested in rhetoric and press clippings" than in reaching an agreement. Doug DeCinces of the Baltimore Orioles responded. "How could you collectively bargain for 14 months and come up with nothing new? It's obvious, with their strike insurance [reportedly $50 million] the owners are forcing this." So it goes, again, with both parties echoing Bob Boone of the Philadelphia Phillies, "I hope and pray that we don't have a strike." And the fans, with their hourly wage packets, having endured the winter waiting for the boys of summer, once more have time to ponder multi-million-dollar contracts and test their understanding of what sports mean.



All Saints Winery at Wahgunyah, Victoria founded in 1864



Discover the Wines of

New South Wales and Victoria...

North of Sydney is the Hunter Valley of New South Wales, long regarded as one of the finest wine centres in Australia. It's famous for red and white table wines. The reds are made primarily from the shiraz grape and the whites from the semillon. The reds are rich and full and the whites soft, full wines of striking bouquet and distinct flavour. One of the earliest vineyards planted here was "Cawarra", established by John Henry Lindeman in 1843, for this area attracted some of the foremost pioneers of winemaking in Australia. Though the area under cultivation is small, the reputation is big – the Hunter Valley mystique.

Victoria was the scene of one of the most interesting chapters in Australian viticulture. Here a group of expert winemakers from Neuchatel in Switzerland established vineyards near the district of Geelong in 1842. With them, they brought cuttings from Dijon. Later, another Swiss arrived with 20,000 cuttings from the renowned Chateau Lafite. These wines become the fabled wines of Lilydale, a legend in their times.



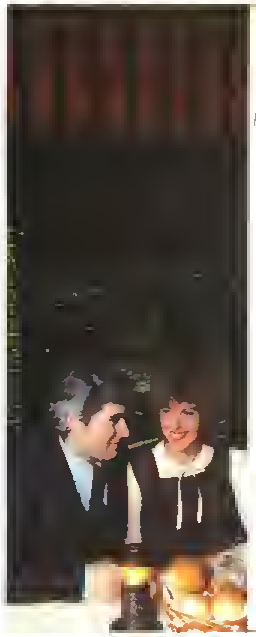
For further information and free literature, write Australian Wine P.O. Box 2647, Vancouver, B.C. V5X 2W3.

Golden coloured crackling table wine with a pronounced fruitness, clean palate and gay effervescence.

Available B.C., Alta.

Aged in oak casks for 3-4 years before being blended and bottled. Pleasant, soft tawny port with fruity taste and dry finish.

Available Ont.



It takes a lot more

than magnificent rooms, gourmet cuisine and a year-round heated outdoor pool . . . to make a hotel great.

At Loews Le Concorde in Quebec City we believe that it takes the very best to make your stay great. From 450 spacious rooms and suites to versatile conference facilities. From Le Cabaret, Quebec City's hottest nightspot, to continental cuisine in L'Astral, our revolving roof top restaurant. And a choice location overlooking the historic Plains of Abraham, just a stone's throw from the business district and the Government buildings.
Loews Le Concorde. It takes all this [illegible] to make a hotel great.

LOEWS Le Concorde

1225, Place Montcalm
Quebec Quebec G1R 4W6
(418) 647-2222 or call LRI Inc.
(Loews Representation International)
Toronto–962-5711 Quebec–(800) 268-7147

Krehn Ad

noodles

Very modern, very Italian and very good.

Bright red tiles, mirrors and chrome, soft, soft leathers and Italian food worth remembering. Snails in Mushroom Caps, Baked Manicotti, 'Tutto Mare' with Green Fettuccine, desserts like Cassata with Strega, Zabaione with Marsala, perfect Espresso, and some fine privately imported Italian Wines.

Noodles is on Bay Street, just above Bloor.
Bring a friend, the American Express Card and come discover Noodles. For a reservation call 921-3171.

AMERICAN EXPRESS

Don't leave home without it.®

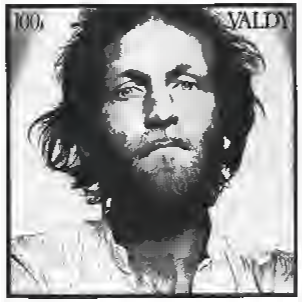
AE 006

MUSIC

For the record

1001
Valdy
(Sloth/A&M)

Dressing up this arch folkie as a West Coast rock singer-songwriter wasn't at all difficult. For all his anti-showbiz posing, Valdy was writing very good AM radio material three records ago and his deep even voice has long sounded more determined than sensitive. Producer Claire Lawrence added a few more rock changes by tune-

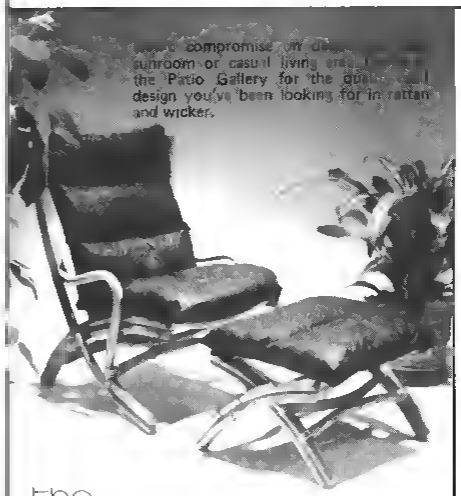


smith Bob Ruzicka, swollen backup vocals, sharply etched rock guitars and a bottom-heavy rhythm section. Lawrence, ex-leader of The Hometown Band, correctly envisioned Valdy as a medium-weight Warren Zevon. Although Valdy's lyrics remain more redolent of a National Film Board cartoon's humanism, Lawrence has pumped this erstwhile woodchuck full of solid poppish rock and Valdy hasn't burst. Fans should like *1001* and it should go well on the radio – just about as planned.

LIVE
The Good Brothers
(Solid Gold Records/A&M)

No urban cowboys, but an easy-going blue-collar bar band mixing folk, country and light rock like so many who travel the southern Ontario circuit, the Good Brothers have yet to make an album that wasn't entirely forgettable. Slickness has displaced traditionalism and while the brothers play competent post-bluegrass pop, they never quite catch fire. The group lacks a member who can write distinctive tunes, and on this double-record set they come off no better than usual, if anything the dead hand of ersatz rural nostalgia strangles the spontaneity one expects from a band that goes best with beer on a Friday night. —BART TESTA

Exclusive Toronto Shops



[illegible] compromise on [illegible] sunroom or casual living [illegible] the Patio Gallery for the [illegible] design you've been looking for in rattan and wicker.

the patio gallery
1701 Avenue Rd. 789-7677
Between Lawrence and 401



Kres and Bernard Jewellers

14k and 18k custom goldsmiths, gem and diamond merchants, appraisal and repair

131 BLOOR ST. W. THE COLONNADE, 962-1269



THE GUILD SHOP

The Guild Shop, the original Canadian craft store in Toronto, has an excellent collection of crafts of the highest artistic and technical quality, all uniquely Canadian. Beautiful and practical pottery, hand-blown glass, jewellery, weaving and garments to treasure and enjoy for a lifetime.

In The Gallery of Eskimo Art, you will find the finest Inuit prints and sculpture from Cape Dorset, Arctic Quebec and Baker Lake.

A non-profit organization encouraging the development of Canadian crafts.

Mon. - Sat. 9:30 a.m. - 5:30 p.m.
140 Cumberland
(In the Village of Yorkville)
921-1721

Towel Sale
Martex Seconds
100% Cotton
Regular $14.98
NOW $9.99

HENRI THE SECOND
1235 BAY STREET
TELEPHONE 928 0961
1541 BAYVIEW AVE.
TELEPHONE 488 7763

SCOTIA PINE

We have Solid pine Furniture at it's best! Plus the quality selection and service you're looking for.
There's a lot to like

1547 BAYVIEW AVENUE, TORONTO 487-0041

The good life has a soundtrack in FM stereo. On CKFM 99.9

SCIENCE

Search for life beyond Earth returns to Titan

Recent analysis of Voyager I data promises fertile clues

By Terence Dickinson

Ever since the first robot spacecraft travelled to other worlds back in the '60s, scientists have hoped that one of these devices would detect evidence of life beyond Earth. But optimism gradually faded as Mars and Venus, the prime targets of the quest, proved to be barren environments. Venus, a stifling hothouse of carbon dioxide and sulphuric acid, and Mars so cold and dry that by comparison Antarctica seems tropical. The last potential habitat for life was Saturn's moon Titan, which has a predominantly nitrogen atmosphere similar in density to the earth's.

Last November, the United States' Voyager I spacecraft cruised within 4,000 km of Titan, probing it with a battery of nine sophisticated experiments. Preliminary results, widely reported two days after the Voyager encounter, suggested a frigid environment devoid of life. Now, after painstaking analysis of miles of computer tapes that contain the full range of Titan's measurements, a revised and far more dramatic picture has emerged and will appear April 10 in *Science*, the journal of the American Association for the Advancement of Science.

"Titan is not as cold as initially believed," reports Von Eshleman of Stanford University, a Voyager scientist. "And that completely changes the outlook." Titan's surface temperature hovers around -181°C, a degree or two above the threshold at which methane, or natural gas, can exist in solid, liquid or gaseous states—a few degrees cooler, and the methane would freeze, eliminating even theoretical possibilities for life. In Titan's atmosphere, methane is second only to nitrogen in abundance, consequently, Eshleman speculates that on the satellite, "methane clouds could drop methane rains into methane rivers which cut through methane glaciers en route to methane seas."

With methane replacing water as a crucial reactive compound, Titan, 1.5 billion km from Earth, may be a colder counterpart to this planet, with intriguing possibilities for life. Since methane and water dissolve different kinds of materials, biochemistry in a methane environment could not be based on proteins and nucleic acids, as it is on Earth. But as far back as 20 years ago, biochemist and author Isaac Asimov observed that "methane will dissolve lipids—a class of compounds including oils and fats—and right here on Earth, lipids form molecules whose complexity is comparable to that of protein."

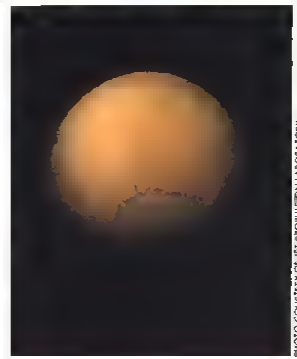


PHOTO COURTESY OF JET PROPULSION LABORATORY



V. COSTANZO

Titan imagined (above); photographed (top): intriguing life possibilities

While conceding that Asimov's lipid-based life is theoretically possible, biologist Klaus Brasch, who teaches a course on the possibility of extraterrestrial life at Queen's University in Kingston, Ont., cautions that at Titan's low temperatures, chemical reactions would be sluggish. "But this doesn't mean that complex compounds couldn't form."

What particularly fascinates scientists is Titan's atmosphere, which closely resembles some theoretical models of Earth's gaseous cloak of four billion years ago. "Here's a chance to see what nature may have been doing when life emerged on primitive Earth," suggests Voyager scientist Tobias Owen of the State University of New York, Stony Brook. "Regardless of what's going on at the surface, organic compounds are likely being created right now in Titan's upper atmosphere, where sunlight provides an energy source. This stuff has been raining down on the methane ice and oceans for billions of years."

According to NASA astronomer James Pollack, another Voyager science team member, the accumulation process has been going on for so long that Titan's surface should be covered with a layer of dark powdery organic material at least a kilometre deep, mixed in with the methane ice or dissolved in methane oceans. This would make Titan the only place within trillions of kilometres of the earth where some of the precursors of life are "waiting to be scooped up by future explorers."

Despite the potential payoff, a mission to Titan is unlikely to be launched for at least a decade—not that there is any technical hitch. Instrumented packages designed for Titan's surface have been on the U.S. space agency's drawing boards for years, but won't get much farther if the fiscal winds in Washington continue to blow in the direction of restraint. Even so, one optimistic space engineer has already revised a sketch of the Titan explorer by adding pontoons, "just in case we land in one of those methane lakes."



Courtroom technology goes on trial

No prompt verdict on a complex question

By Terry Poulton

In theory, the foundation of Canada's legislative and judicial systems is their openness to public scrutiny. Via television, the public can watch its federal and most of its provincial representatives at work. But when it comes to viewing the interpretation and enforcement of the laws their legislators enact, people must settle for seeing a reporter standing on the courthouse steps paraphrasing what went on inside. Debate about the wisdom of televising trials, while lively in the United States, has been tepid in Canada. But recent judicial moves indicate that it's heating up.

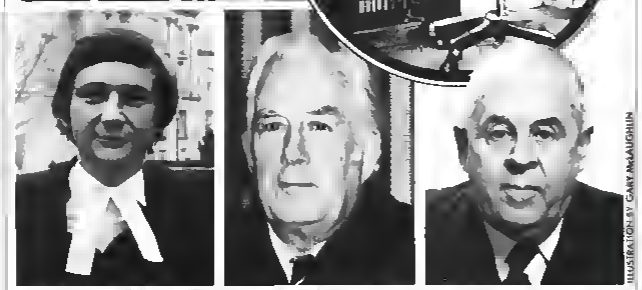
Canadian laws regulating courtroom conduct virtually ignore modern technology, and the presence of cameras in any courtroom is forbidden. Likewise, most official trial records must be produced by stenographers, even though many American trials are now permanently tape-recorded. And 30 of the 50 states are experimenting with various methods of televising courtroom proceedings.

Controversy has raged in the U.S. for decades about whether justice can be accomplished in the glare of publicity generated by television coverage. But early this year, the U.S. Supreme Court stepped in to uphold a 1977 Florida ruling that TV coverage does not automatically preclude fair trials. While Chief Justice Warren Burger conceded that "dangers lurk in this, as in most experiments," he insisted that the Florida defendants had "offered nothing to demonstrate that their trial was ... tainted by broadcast coverage."

The electronic media successfully lobbied for their own invitation into U.S. courtrooms. In Canada, the impetus is coming from the judiciary itself. Saying that he is "not afraid of radical experiments, if they can maintain the dignity and the judiciality of the proceedings," Chief Justice Bora Laskin last year opened the doors of the Supreme Court of Canada to the first electronic coverage ever allowed. Though the occasion was only ceremonial (the retirement of Justice Louis-Philippe Pigeon), it was a significant move. So was a B.C. chief justice's decision to encourage broadcast coverage of the opening of the new provincial courthouse in late 1979. And in Ontario, Chief Justice William Howland recently appointed a committee to work with provincial media to improve the flow and interpretation of legal news.

"These may seem like trivial moves," says Gaylen Duncan, executive director of the Canadian Law Information Council, "but in our ponderous, ancient system of justice they're big steps." Duncan was coauthor of a report submitted to the Canadian Bar Association that recommended televising trials. "The major objections of judges," he says, "is the compression of their carefully thought-out, 100-page decisions into 90-second newsclips. But it's going on anyway in all media."

Toronto criminal lawyer Brian Greenspan, a member of the Howland committee, sees much more at stake. "If you polled trial lawyers—defence and Crown—the vast majority would be op-



Greenspan (left); Burger (centre); Howland: do cameras threaten justice?

ILLUSTRATION BY GARY McLAUGHLIN



SIX YEARS OLD AND SMOOTH AS SILK

posed By either inhibiting or glamorizing witnesses, the camera disrupts the adversarial process" Greenspan also fears that the camera equipment and lights "may interfere with the dignity of the judicial process"

Says Moses Znaimer, president of Toronto's CITY TV, who's one of the most voluble proponents of televising trials "That's no longer a valid argument—modern equipment is so discreet that it needn't amount to a major intrusion"

Greenspan concedes that video coverage of judgments might increase citizen awareness of the legal system. However, like many lawyers he believes that the real issue should be *audio* coverage "The courtroom is not a place for nonverbal communication Everything that's relevant is articulated" But vocal intonations, which can sometimes be prejudicial, are lost in written transcripts—as Greenspan saw when he reviewed an allegedly inflammatory address to the jury by a Crown counsel It seemed unobjectionable until Greenspan heard it as the jury had—in a singsong falsetto that insultingly imitated the defendant "That could never have shown up in a printed transcript"

But Greenspan maintains that the addition of the visual medium would not contribute enough to justify its potential disruptions. "Besides," he says, "for audio, we probably wouldn't need any new legislation, because there's no ban on it in the Judicature Act." In fact, some judges already permit lawyers to use tape recorders occasionally to assist during trials for which no daily transcripts are provided

Whatever recommendations the Howland committee comes up with—and it's unlikely that they will include imminent television experimentation—it will be incumbent on the media to satisfy judicial fears on another count. the deliberate sensationalizing of court proceedings Few TV or radio stations could afford gavel-to-gavel trial coverage if it were legalized, so editing would be substantial But the public is believed to put more trust in statements seen on TV or heard on radio than in printed quotes. So the potential for editorial abuse by the electronic media is seen by some lawyers as a danger

To date only one other province has shown much interest in televising trials, and if Quebec's experience is any indication it will be some time before Canadians join the ranks of electronic spectators At the last annual meeting of the Quebec Bar Association, the issue itself was the subject of a mock trial, with the provincial Superior Court chief justice presiding The question was resolved not with a judicial verdict, but by a vote of the approximately 200 lawyers present That result was 80 per cent opposed ◇



Basoa Saung: Seven years old. Family lives in a two room hut. Only furnishing—one iron bed. Children all eager to learn—but books supplies, even clothes are scarce.

He could change your life...while you are changing his



From the picture of little Basoa one wouldn't think he could change a life Standing in a rural slum arms and legs spindly from malnutrition he looks vulnerable too young to shoulder responsibility for any existence other than his own But looks can often be deceptive—Basoa *knows* responsibility When a family of six must exist for a year on less money than you would earn in a week responsibility is learned from the time of birth Always there is the pressing weight of poverty where will the money come from for tonight's meagre meal for school supplies medicine and repairs to the hut? No one is spared neither the very young nor the very old Everyone must do their part to help and childhood drifts by in a joyless spiral of hungry nights and hopeless days

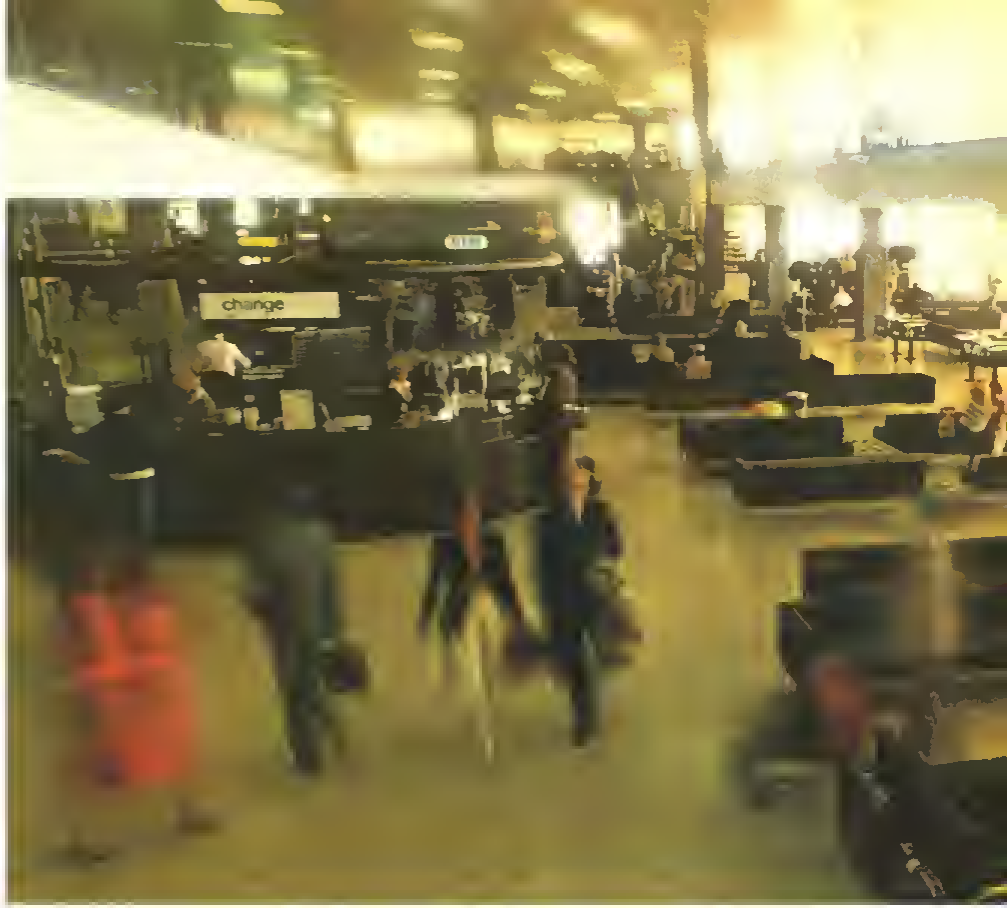
But if you let Basoa into *your* life if you cared enough to become a Foster Parent how different things could be! Through your contribution of just a few dollars a month you could ease the poverty of Basoa and his family You would help put education medical care nutritious food and pure water into their reach You could change Basoa's life and the warm feeling of fulfillment you will share could easily change your life too By the time you read this Basoa will have a Foster Parent—but so very many children are still in need Please help a child today Just complete the coupon below or call our toll free number

CALL TOLL FREE ANYTIME 1-(800)-268-7174
Information will be sent immediately (In British Columbia, 112-(800)-268-7174)

PLAN **FOSTER PARENTS PLAN OF CANADA**
153 ST CLAIR AVENUE WEST TORONTO CANADA M4V 1P8

I want to be a Foster Parent of a boy ☐ girl ☐ age _____
country _____ or where the need is greatest ☐
I enclose my first payment of $23 00 Monthly ☐ $69 00 Quarterly ☐
$138 00 Semi-Annually ☐ $276 00 Annually ☐
I can't become a Foster Parent right now however I enclose my contribution of $_____ Please send me more information ☐ Tel No _____
Name _____
Address _____
City _____ Prov _____ Code _____
I wish communication with PLAN to be in English ☐ French ☐

PLAN operates in Bolivia Colombia Ecuador El Salvador Egypt Guatemala Haiti Honduras India Indonesia Mali Nepal Nicaragua Peru the Philippines Sierra Leone the Sudan and Upper Volta Foster Parents Plan of Canada is officially registered as a Canadian Charitable Organization by the Federal Government Contributions are tax deductible
8/26/80 MA36 3101



KLM's home airport handles over 10 million passengers a year, smoothly and efficiently.

You want dependable flights. And easy connections. You can rely on KLM.

Amsterdam's International Airport Schiphol was built to be the most efficient airport in the world. Everything is designed to help speed business travelers on their way.

All connections are under one roof, and moving sidewalks bring gates closer together. Your baggage is transferred automatically, individual passengers are separate from charter groups and there are conveniently located transit desks.

All this gives you time to enjoy another convenience. Europe's largest and lowest cost, tax-free shopping center.

KLM's home airport speeds up the business traveler. Business travelers can rely on KLM. We've been serving them longer than any other airline in the world.

KLM
The reliable airline of Holland

From fodder to fast food

Soybeans crop up more than ever on farms and in stores

By Kathleen McDonnell

In the last century George Washington Carver's experiments with peanuts helped bring a cheap, nutritious source of protein out of the pig feed trough and into the kitchen. A similar revolution appears to be brewing in Canada around another underutilized legume the cream-colored, protein-rich soybean. Recent developments of new early-maturing varieties are enabling soybeans to spread beyond their traditional growing area in extreme southern Ontario, which now produces more than 90 per cent of Canada's total harvest. This year substantial crops will be seeded in Alberta, Manitoba, P.E.I., Quebec and eastern Ontario.

With last year's harvest of 26.2 million bushels worth more than $200 million, Canada has moved into fifth place among world soybean producers—after the U.S., Brazil, China and Argentina. And soybean acreage in Canada will nearly double over the next decade, says Otis McGregor, head of the Ontario Soya-Bean Growers' Marketing Board. "Canada will become self-sufficient in soybeans in the '80s," he says.

Canadian farmers are beginning to see that soybeans have "good profit potential," as Don Kroeker of Winkler, Man., points out. A potato farmer, he started growing soybeans commercially two years ago, and says he is now getting good prices—$8 a bushel. He has also had considerable success in persuading other Manitoba farmers to grow soybeans: more than 6,000 new acres will be planted in the province this spring.

Since farmers are feeling the pinch of energy price increases in nitrogen fertilizer, which is derived from natural gas, soybeans have become an attractive proposition because they fix their own nitrogen in the soil, and even reduce fertilizer requirements for other subsequent crops on the same acreage. Most of the North American crop is crushed to extract soy oil, which is used in margarine, shortening, salad dressings and a variety of processed foods from soy flour to dry-roasted soybeans. The remaining meal is fed to livestock—hence the bean's unsavory reputation as "pig food."





Soybean fields (above), Kroeker farmers are seeing the 'good profit potential'

But a growing number of people think that soybeans are too valuable to waste on fodder. John deMan, a professor of food sciences at Ontario's University of Guelph, says that "soybeans are greatly underutilized as a direct source of food for humans." In fact, one kilo of soy flour is the nutritional equivalent of 2.2 kilos of meat. DeMan, who is studying the viability of Canadian soybeans in food preparations like meat extenders, predicts that direct consumption of soybeans is "bound to increase."

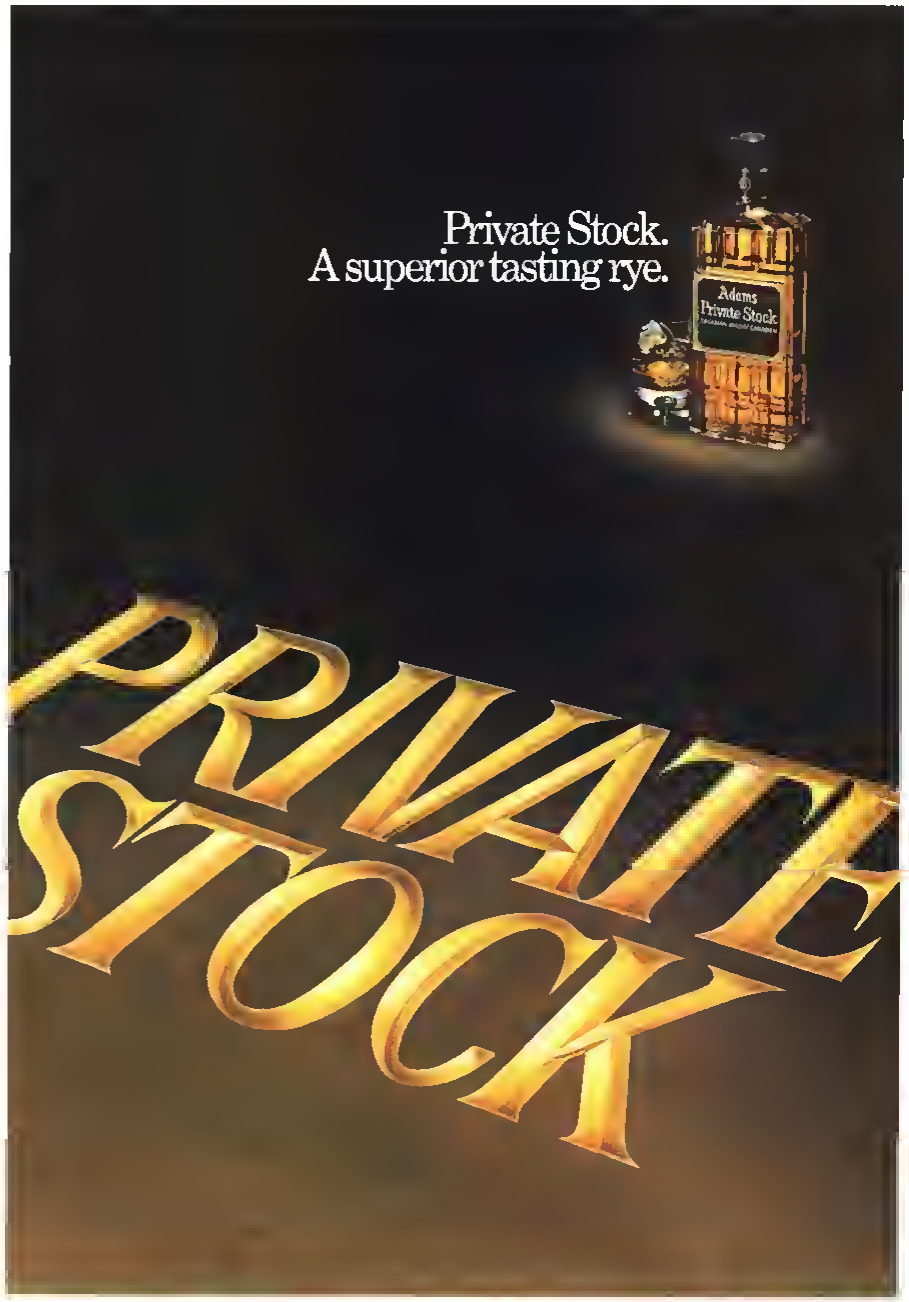
The human consumption of soybeans is "definitely catching on," confirms Croft Woodruff, who sells a wide variety of soy products in his Vancouver health food store. His most popular item is tofu, or soybean curd, a traditional food from Asia, which is being touted as the "yogurt of the '80s." Packaged tofu is also being sold in major supermarket chains across the country for $2.80 a kilo. Richard Leviton, editor of the American *Soyfoods* magazine, points out that North Americans consumed almost 25 million kilos of tofu last year. One example of the new soy consumer is Halifax art student Dawna Gallagher, who eats tofu and other soy products several times a week. "I have allergies to dairy products," she explains, "and I can't afford much meat. Tofu is a good, cheap source of protein for me."



Anderson: soy cheesecake and burgers

By far, the largest consumers of soy products are those who shun meat as their source of protein. As chief dietitian at Toronto's Branson Hospital, run by the vegetarian Seventh-day Adventists, Elsie Sokol receives "thousands" of requests from across the country for information about soybeans, and gives lectures on their nutritional value and preparation. "I believe the day will come when we will praise the soybean growers." Her enthusiasm is shared by Mary Anderson, who, with two partners, operates a soy-food restaurant called Soja in Toronto's Kensington Market. She uses traditional oriental soy foods in burgers and cheesecake, and finds them "incredibly versatile."

Analysts project that the global demand for soybeans could double—from the current 75 metric tons—by the year 2000. As inflation and the increased energy demand force a worldwide shift to vegetable sources of protein, soybeans could well turn out to be one of Canada's most valuable renewable resources.



Look who's vexing the Real Thing now

An escalation of the cola wars between Coke and Pepsi

By Mark Witten



The real riddle of the Canadian cola wars is whether Pepsi has forced Coke to play its game. The name of the game is the Pepsi Challenge, one of the most aggressive and effective comparative advertising campaigns ever devised. Launched in Dallas in 1975, the Challange was based on a series of blind taste tests that found that a majority of Coke drinkers chose Pepsi over Coke when the unlabelled drinks were offered to them. The cola market has always been fiercely competitive, but the thrusts and parries of the past few months have spurred the cola wars to feverish intensity. Last November, Pepsi-Cola Canada Ltd. upped the advertising ante considerably by launching the newest phase of the Challenge, which spotlighted Gallup poll figures citing mass conversions to Pepsi. Coke, it seems, has finally taken the bait in its latest series of television commercials. The efforts of other colas that compare themselves to the Real Thing are ridiculed by comedian Bill Cosby. "And one of them is even doing taste tests and challenges and consumer polls trying to compare its taste to the taste of Coca-Cola," scoffs Cosby. Although Pepsi is never named, only a viewer struck with sudden amnesia could fail to recognize the target.

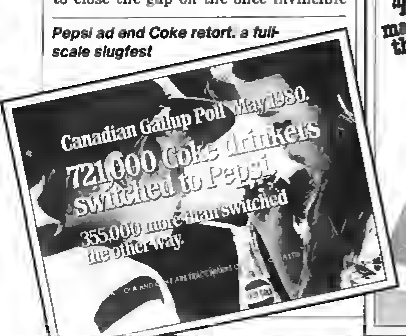
Pepsi, the perennial underdog, may at last have Coke on the run. The Pepsi Challenge has proven to be a classic campaign, breaking new ground in comparative advertising and spawning imitators. The long-running ad campaign has also been the key to a successful drive by the No. 2 soft drink in the world to close the gap on the once-invincible Coke, because the power of advertising is greatest when the two products are essentially the same.

What must undoubtedly have Coke executives worried are the steady gains that Pepsi has been making in both Canada and the U.S. over the past five years. "Up until 1975 Coke had been the totally dominant brand here. They were outselling us two to one," says Colin Naughton, marketing director of Pepsi-Cola Canada. "In 1975, Coke had about 28 per cent of the take-home sales, we had around 15 per cent. In 1980, we had 22 per cent and Coke had 26 per cent. Each share point is worth $10 million. That's big money." Coke insists that Pepsi's share gains are not at its expense. "We have a higher home market share now than we had before the Challenge started," claims John Brennan, vice-president of marketing at Coca-Cola Ltd., adding "The question is, how much are you willing to pay for the extra share points?"

It's plenty, if the current full-scale slugfest currently gracing Canadian television screens is any indication. What lies behind the smiling face of Coke's Cosby commercials—the campaign theme and slogan is "Have a Coke and a Smile"—is a corporate colossus running on anger. "When you're the No. 1 brand, it sometimes takes a lot to get the guys going," says Brennan. "We're a bit of a sleeping giant at times. But Pepsi has made our guys pretty angry and the giant is now awake."

Pepsi Canada has run very hard with a campaign that has been mounted somewhat more selectively and tenta-

Pepsi ad and Coke retort, a full-scale slugfest





discover...
Total technology in Brother electric typewriters.
Correct-O-Riter Model 4812
Easy load typing/correction cassette
Model L10 plus 3
Easy load typing/correction cassette
brother electric typewriters
Brother International Corporation Montreal Qu
Subsidiary of Brother Industries Ltd Nagoya, Japan

tively south of the border. Since launching the Canadian campaign in 1976, the Challenge advertising has been expanded from shots of one person taking the taste test, to many people taking the Challenge at fairs across the country, to the current feisty Gallup ads. In the U.S., the Pepsi Challange has never been a truly national campaign but rather a series of tactical regional ones in areas where Coke enjoys a commanding lead. Because Pepsi Canada was trailing farther behind Coke than its American counterpart, there was more opportunity to run an effective nationwide Challenge campaign in Canada.

The most basic comparative advertising operates on the principle that the runner-up (or any lesser competitor) benefits from a comparison with the brand leader when it can demonstrate that its product is *as* good. So, for instance, a Ford Granada ad proudly points out that some of its features are as good as those of a Mercedes-Benz. Most recently in Canada, Lipton soup has used the tactic to challenge Campbell soup. In the U.S., Schlitz beer tackled Miller and Budweiser in live televised taste tests during the recent National Football League playoff broadcasts.

A stronger comparison is achieved when the product can be touted to be not only as good as but *better* than the recognized leader. A further refinement is added when the judges would seem to be biased in favor of the leader. As Colin Naughton suggests, "What's the toughest possible test for Pepsi? Coke. The toughest critic? A Coke drinker. The comparison also has to be meaningful to the consumer. Taste strikes to the core."

The Challenge provided a brilliant boost to Pepsi's taste image, but Coke was still seen as the most popular cola. "We wanted to show people don't just prefer Pepsi in blind taste tests but that in the marketplace Coke users have switched over," says Naughton. So, Pepsi Canada stepped up the Challenge. Spearheaded by the strutting slogan "Look who's drinking Pepsi now!" and an upbeat music track, these now familiar ads cite a Gallup poll, taken last May and based on a sample of 3,500 people across the country, which projects that 721,000 Coke drinkers have switched to Pepsi (355,000 more than switched the other way). The visuals show people switching from Coke to Pepsi, a Pepsi truck overtaking a Coke truck and the Pepsi blimp passing in front of the Coke balloon. The legal costs were almost as great as the creative costs, suggests Alan Middleton, Pepsi's advertising account executive at J. Walter Thompson Co. "Obviously we couldn't say we're the biggest, because we're not," he says. "What we could legitimately say was that more and more people are discovering we taste better and are switching. It's a momentum story."



Middleton (left); Brennan. Pepsi's advertising impossible for Coke to ignore

Pepsi's escalation of the Canadian cola wars is almost impossible for Coke to ignore. Coke has responded to the Pepsi Challenge in a variety of ways ranging from ignoring it, to spoofing it, to ridiculing or condemning it. When the Gallup poll offensive first appeared, Coke pulled off its Canadian-produced ads and ran the popular Mean Joe Greene commercials (which featured a well-known American football player) exclusively. In addition to the Cosby commercials, the company has responded more directly on radio by running an attempted spoof featuring an imaginary professor, with a foreign accent and a ridiculous name, whose lines include such gems as "They compare themselves to Coke because they don't have anything to say about themselves." Another early response to the Gallup ad was a print campaign riding on the slogan IF THERE WASN'T A CHAMPION ... THERE WOULD BE NO CHALLENGERS. Replies Pepsi's Naughton: "Why Coca-Cola would put the word challenger in their advertising is beyond me."

Coke executives maintain that the Pepsi Challenge and its subsequent variations are based on deliberate subterfuge. "It's not a taste test, it's a sip test. People can't differentiate between beer and ale, or scotch and rye, on the basis of a sip test. You're looking at like products, so random chance comes into play," says Brennan. Adman Middleton suggests that Coke management is somewhat ambivalent, though, about attacking Pepsi directly in its advertising. "You've almost got a conflict within the Coke organization," he says. "Some of the Coke people recognize Pepsi as a threat and others can't get used to it. The golden rule in this business is never underestimate your opponent."

Only time and fickle consumers will decide whether or not Coke has been stymied by the Pepsi strategy. Brennan admits Coke is confronted by the dilemma facing any brand leader that's the target of slick comparative advertising. "You walk a fine line," he says. "It's easy to fall into the trap the other guy sets." Pepsi contends that Coke already has one foot caught in the trap by indulging in the radio spoofs, "champion" ads and Cosby commercials, which are all just lightly disguised forms of comparative advertising. "No," counters Brennan, "it's superiority advertising. What we're saying is Coke's the Real Thing, the gold standard of colas." But Pepsi's Naughton, ever the cocky challenger, has the last word. "As long as we're initiating and Coke's reacting, we're going to win." ◇





COLUMN

Vice still has its legal price



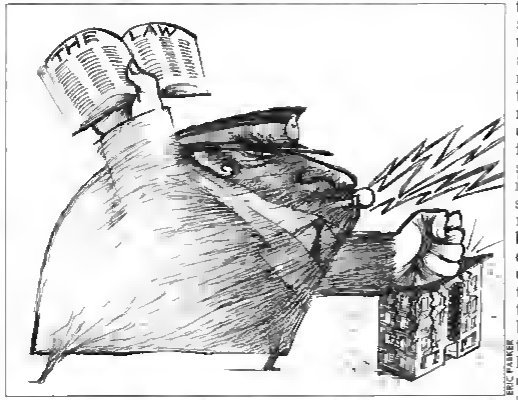
Homosexuals are confusing law enforcement and discrimination

By Barbara Amiel

At midnight on Feb 6, about 1,500 protesters took to the streets of downtown Toronto, calling for police resignations and carrying signs that read "liars, bigots, Nazis," as they headed for the provincial Parliament Buildings. In a country that has remained calm in the face of the RCMP opening mail, passive as women's groups pressured the CBC into proscribing words like "mankind" and indifferent to the Ontario Human Rights Commission calling for the banning of a university newspaper, what was the issue that drove these milling crowds into the cold winter night? Simple. For one night the freedom to copulate en masse had been interrupted, underlining once again that the declining interest in freedom of speech in this country is matched only by the rising preoccupation with the freedom to fornicate.

The night before, about 150 police raided four Toronto steambaths and arrested 286 people on charges ranging from being found-ins at a bawdy house to committing buggery. Though it will be up to the courts to decide what went on at the baths, there seems to be little disagreement that a good time consisted of lining up to rent a tiny cubicle with locked door where patrons could engage in sexual acts. Nothing new about that. What was new, however, was the response. The steambaths were homosexual, and charges of discrimination were immediately levelled at the police. The Canadian Civil Liberties Association—maintaining its near spotless record of missing the point—joined the protests and called for a public inquiry into this harassment of minorities.

Harassment of minorities? Let us put aside for a moment the question of whether the police were right or wrong in conducting the raid. What they did, alas, was standard procedure for the enforcement of *any* of our morality laws. Every day of the year police are out raiding gaming houses, interrupting strippers' performances, moving in on "swingers'" clubs and arresting those unfortunate men whose peculiar taste or desperation drives them to proposition undercover policewomen. A few years ago it took 20 policemen with guns and dogs to storm a room in a Toronto hotel and capture a dozen elderly Jewish men playing poker. They had been meeting every week for 20 years, ever since their wives had expelled them from their homes for smoking cigars. Though political expediencies may dictate who they hit this week, as long as our Criminal Code and society give police the power and budget to enforce these marginal areas of morality—whoring, gambling, indecent acts and so on—the police do so, as prominent lawyer Edward L. Greenspan put it, "with gay abandon, regardless of their targets."



ERIC PARKER

It is a separate question as to whether these laws should remain on the books. Canadian society seems plagued with a plethora of petty prosecutions originating from the work of morality squads. A common bawdy house, for example, is simply a place where physical acts for gain and sexual satisfaction habitually take place. On these grounds a six-month investigative team managed to nab three unlucky but eminently heterosexual couples at the Toronto swingers' club Pluto's Retreat.

One is inclined to say that the law should not interfere with such acts between consenting adults unless they can be shown to be disruptive to the community-at-large or uninvolved persons. Homosexual steambaths don't seem to disrupt anyone or anything—though the allegedly staggering scale of the operations (174 cubicles in one of the baths, with each cubicle being said to change occupants up to 10 times a night) might argue for a legalized red-light district to cope with the flow of people and traffic.

It should be obvious to anyone who takes the trouble to think about it for 10 seconds that heterosexuals found engaging in such acts under such conditions and on a large scale are prosecuted in exactly the same manner. It is a valid, but totally separate question that perhaps they shouldn't be, and neither should homosexuals. The intriguing difference is that if heterosexuals took to copulating in public washrooms or steambaths, they would not *expect* their actions to be without legal consequences. They would understand that it is not their "sexual orientation" that is being prosecuted but their vices. This distinction escapes militant homosexuals and their champions. Homosexuals are certainly not the only group with vices—if licentiousness, promiscuity or prostitution are vices—but they are the only group who expect to get away with them scot-free.

For civil libertarians the lesson to be learned from the raids is that the brutality and callousness normally used by police in enforcing morality laws is unnecessary and wrong. The lesson isn't that, in this instance, the police's zeal was unusual. One can only wish that it had been. Criminal lawyer Greenspan estimates that damage to property in most morality squad charges he handles works out to about $500 per arrest. This makes the steambath raids, at about $140 damage per arrest, a bargain.

Perhaps another lesson may be that most of these laws should not be on the books in the first place—but that is for the whole community to decide, not simply the coterie of sophisticates whose jaded tastes can only be satisfied by saturnalias.

LIFESTYLES

Married to a single life



PAUL LITT

Baker: 'It's kind of a mood thing'

After gestating through three marriages, Doug Baker of Burnaby, B.C., is pleased to announce the out-of-wedlock birth of Misogamists Unanimous. For $5 he will send those tired of marital hiss a kit including a copy of Baker's *Misogamist's Philosophy and Pledge* ("within the bounds of legal matrimony are sown the seeds of discord, discontent, stress, financial loss, mental and physical abuse"), suitable for framing above the single's double bed.

Since inaugurating his association last December with an ad in a Vancouver daily, the 37-year-old bus driver-cum-interior decorator Baker has signed up 2,000 nonunionists and been assailed with requests for interviews by 50 radio and television stations, including the trend-setting *Phil Donahue Show*. "What I've done is put into words what a lot of people were thinking," explains Baker. "You *can* go from A to Z in your life being successful *and* single." He rumbles off a list of Detroit lawyers, Whitehorse truckers and Vancouver gynecologists who agree with him, and says he's not surprised 70 per cent of them are female. Shrugs Baker: "Most women I know don't need the security of marriage as they used to."

Baker flaunts a lifestyle that features weight lifting, congas, martial arts and Harley-Davidsons, as well as an apartment he brags "looks like you're walking into a cocktail lounge." He admits the zebra-striped couches and black-velvet nudes aren't for everyone, nor is the custom-made $5,000 bed with its built in speakers, stereo, color television and wine cooler. "It's kind of a mood thing," he says.

If Baker's estimate that only two in 10 marriages were truly meant to be is correct, Misogamists Unanimous should have a fertile future. He envisions 200,000 members in a few years, with a newsletter, local chapters, possibly a magazine (*Misogamy Today?*) and maybe a book. When spreading the joys of untwofulness overtaxes him, the president can step down and still keep misogamy in the family: Baker's sons, aged 18 and 19, have already signed on.

—JOHN MASTERS

Stay on top of Montréal. The cosmopolitan centre above ground. The famous city of worldly delights below.



Have a good night with Hilton.

The Queen Elizabeth
A CN Hotel operated by Hilton Canada

For reservations call your Travel Agent, any Hilton or CN hotel, or Hilton Reservation Service

Insight, with a high price of admission

LUNATIC VILLAS
by Marian Engel
(McClelland & Stewart, $14.95)

Marian Engel writes about women we know. At best they are unremarkable, at worst they are dreadful, and on the whole they are what the English call "wet." They talk about their abortions, affairs and menstrual problems over lunch in the company cafeteria or on a neighbor's doorstep. They open tins for supper in littered kitchens as a kind of moral statement. Though they have mellowed from the shrill days of *The Honeyman Festival*, they still evoke a sticky sourness—an odor telling you something in the fridge is off.

Engel's newest novel has a street full of these people. *Lunatic Villas* is the story of Harriet Ross, free-lance writer, who takes her collection of six (or seven) children to a renovated cul-de-sac in Toronto's industrial downtown area. Readers will meet Harriet's neighbors who include Marshallene, a "serious" writer, neighborhood activist and sexual harridan. Sylvia, crippled in an accident, doting on her aviary and despising Harriet for having a running affair with her husband, Vinnie, every Thursday night, uses this anger to camouflage her own affair with Fred, the boy-friend of a man two houses down. And so on. Harriet is a literary version of Anne Bancroft in *The Pumpkin Eater*. She breeds and collects. Widowed and divorced, she requires two of the renovated homes to house her brood. Only one is her natural child, the others are the debris of indifferent parents who have crossed Harriet's life. Early on in the novel Harriet adds a deus ex machina to her menagerie. Mrs. Adeline Saxe, a little old lady, arrives on her doorstep one night on her bicycle, bringing unexpected insights and warmth, knitting street and family together—and for good measure winning a cross-Canada bicycle race in the final chapter.

In certain books, by page 50 one has to resign oneself to the fact that nothing has happened and nothing is likely to happen. There will be tiny incidents and long conversations about them over the kitchen table. This is the stuff of life. It is also the stuff of soap operas such as *Coronation Street*—which Engel's Rathbone Place might well have been called. In all fairness *Lunatic Villas* is several cuts above *Coronation Street*, the characters are more complex, Engel's view of life is more thoughtful, some of her insights are more interesting and original. In a way this is both the strength and the weakness of her book. Strength, because the reader gains one or two fresh perceptions about human nature which soap operas rarely provide, weakness, because they come at the price of the slower, denser pace.

Engel's latest book proves once again that stylistically she belongs to the family of serious writers. Such writers both give more, and ask more, of the reader than writers of the romance or mystery genres. The question is, does Engel give proportionately as much as she asks? Are the insights worth the price of admission? Maybe they are to some readers, which accounts for her respectable standing in the world of Canadian letters. Others might find no light at the end of the grimy tunnel. No light, only the presence of a vaguely mean and envious spirit. It is as if the characters had been hard done by through some fault of the reader's—and now are taking their revenge.

—BARBARA AMIEL



DOBSON: THE GLOBE AND MAIL

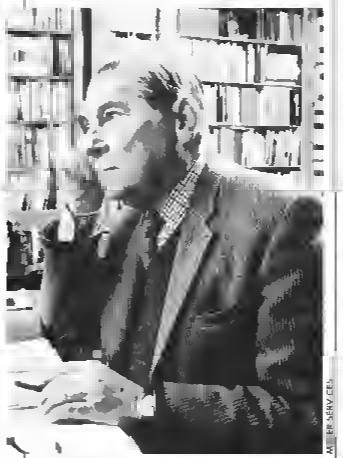
Engel: something in the fridge is off

A prolific thirst for the absolute

BRICKS TO BABEL
by Arthur Koestler
(General Publishing, $29.95)

Arthur Koestler is passé. The prodigious mind from Hungary that has produced more than 30 books from an encyclopedia of sex to the history of a lost tribe of Israel is falling into disrepute as its owner approaches his 80th birthday. Possibly anticipating an eternal lapse of memory on the part of his fellowman once he is gone, Koestler—never shy about setting records straight—has now anthologized his own writings with brief and appropriate "comments by the author" to guide the uninitiated.

Koestler not only lived through everything the 20th century had to offer, he lived it first. In the '20s, he worked on a kibbutz in Palestine; in the '30s he experienced the requisite conversion to communism, toured Russia, spent months on death row in one of Franco's jails and wrote his fictional masterpieces, *Darkness at Noon* and *Arrival and Departure*. When word of Stalin's Gulag Archipelago trickled out of Asia before the war, he disavowed communism and alerted the West to the dangers of both Nazism and Soviet imperialism. But Koestler's fate was always to be heard yet rarely listened to: bitter futility pervades the first half of *Bricks to Babel* (is the echo of "coals to Newcastle" conscious or unconscious?), and its motif is Cassandra shrieking doom from the battlements of Troy.



MICHAEL SEARLE

Koestler: odyssey of mind, not heart

Although Koestler abandoned politics in the '50s and returned to science, his first love, the renunciation was illusory. Behind classics like *The Sleepwalkers*, his inquiry into the Copernican revolution in astronomy, and *The Act of Creation*, an audacious synthesis of the psychological processes at work in comedy, science and art, lurks Koestler's self-confessed "thirst for the absolute." And just as his personal political career presaged events on a global scale, so his probing of scientific solutions to the human condition accurately forecast later trends. By 1960 he had discarded Zen and mainstream Buddhism. He gave the boot to orthodox evolutionary theory and the materialist/reductionist bias of Western scientific methodology in the '70s. One guiding insight stayed with him, however: mankind's destructiveness, unique on earth, proves it to be an aberration, an evolutionary mistake.

According to Koestler, "we are a mentally sick race and as such deaf to persuasion." The practical application of man's thought, his philosophies and ideologies, is crippled by physiological defects in the construction of his brain which keep his reason and his emotions permanently out of sync. Koestler's solution? Drugs—the very science he maligns is urged to localize this neurological malfunction and concoct a powder to correct it. He also proposes that other ways of "knowing," such as telepathy, be considered necessary to man's survival and not discounted simply because Western science does not know how to deal with them.

These ideas, so in vogue a decade ago, are now anathema. But what if Koestler is right, as he has been before? The truth is that we are not entirely to blame for ignoring this homeless prophet. Koestler might argue that *Bricks to Babel* is an odyssey of the mind, not the heart, and that its veracity should ultimately be judged only by rational standards. But his argument is self-defeating. If our brains really are duds, with reason and emotion constantly at war, appeals to reason must surely be balanced by appeals to the emotions—we *need* some sense that those who urge us to action are possessed of all their faculties. Out of 700 pages not one in total reveals Koestler's personal relationships, man to man or woman, outside of a specifically political context. Childhood, yes, humor, yes—his first words in French at the precocious age of 3, "My pants are wet," are duly noted—but of love and affection nary a word. Koestler's writings radiate immense intelligence, insight and integrity—he of all people could erect Babel, the symbol of universal understanding—but the diminishing echoes from the voice of reason would vanish unheard inside the hollow tower. Cassandra of the world take note.

—MARK CZARNECKI

MACLEAN'S BEST-SELLER LIST

Fiction

1 **The Covenant,** *Michener (1)*
2 **The Key to Rebecca,** *Follett (2)*
3 **Firestarter,** *King (3)*
4 **The Ghosts of Africa,** *Stevenson (4)*
5 **Rage of Angels,** *Sheldon (5)*
6 **XPD,** *Deighton*
7 **Athabasca,** *MacLean (7)*
8 **Come Pour the Wine,** *Freeman (6)*
9 **Voices in Time,** *MacLennan (8)*
10 **The Bourne Identity,** *Ludlum (10)*

Nonfiction

1 **Crisis Investing,** *Casey (2)*
2 **The New Canadian Tax and Investment Guide,** *Zimmer (3)*
3 **The Northern Magus,** *Gwyn (1)*
4 **The Chinese,** *Fraser (4)*
5 **Cosmos,** *Sagan (5)*
6 **The Invasion of Canada, 1812-1813,** *Berton (6)*
7 **The Coming Currency Collapse,** *Smith (9)*
8 **The Little Immigrants,** *Bagnell (8)*
9 **The Montreal Canadiens,** *Mouton (7)*
10 **In Search of Man Alive,** *Bonisteel (10)*

( ) Position last week



You don't have to know
a good deal about stereo
to know it's a good stereo deal.
That's Panasonic for you!

Cassette deck controls that require 80% less pressure than conventional controls. Indicators that glow when an FM or AM station is precisely tuned in. Brilliant highs and robust bass from a pair of Panasonic Thrusters speaker systems with the new Piezo tweeter. And a good deal more. The new SE 3510C. At your Panasonic dealer.



Panasonic
just slightly ahead of our time

It takes a lot
of little things...
to make a hotel great.



Like the gas light outside Creighton's, a glowing beacon for one of Toronto's finest dining rooms. Like the Persian prints in our luxurious suites or the helpful Concierge, ready to assist you with your entertainment plans. Maybe it's our 550 spacious rooms. Could even be our 16 versatile meeting rooms or the friendly, attentive service from the Westbury staff. And of course, there's our superb location, convenient to business and shopping – just a few of the many things that help to make Loews Westbury great!

LOEWS
WESTBURY
HOTEL TORONTO
475 Yonge Street, Toronto, Ontario. M4Y 1X7. (416) 924-0611 or call
LRI Inc. (Loews Representation International) Toronto 962 5711 Quebec – (800) 268-7147

Krohn Ad

FILMS

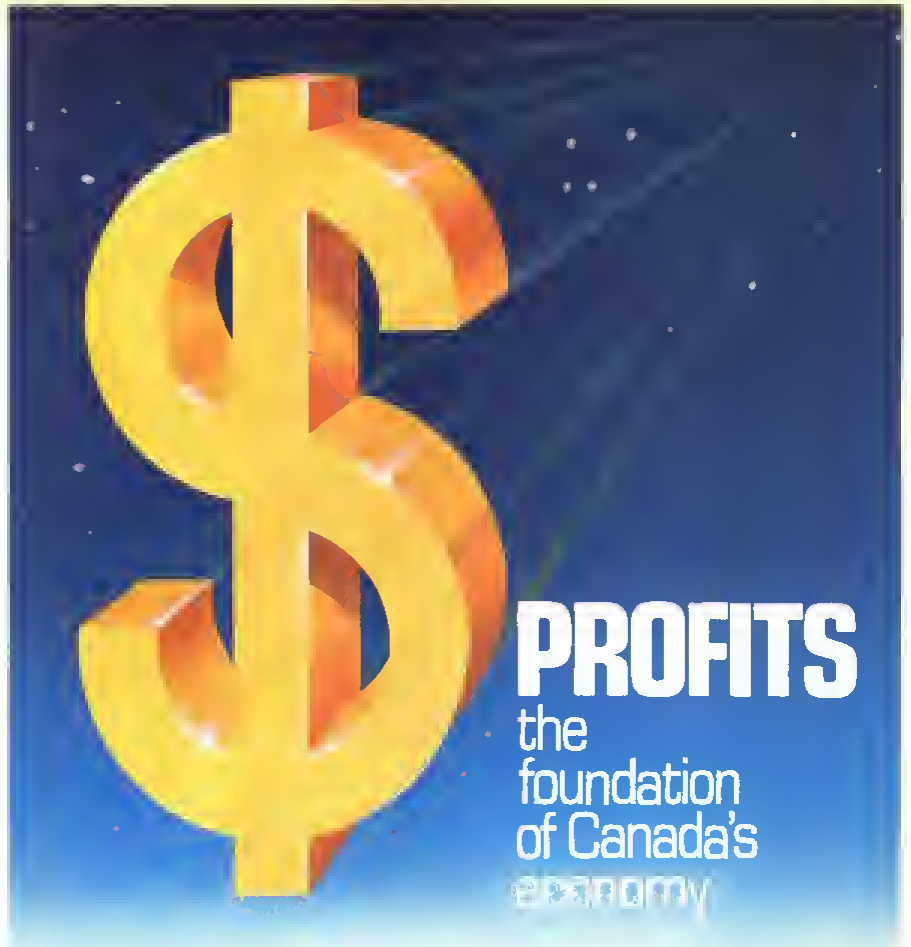
Once more, with ketchup

MY BLOODY VALENTINE
Directed By George Mihalka

Like any of the horror films aping John Carpenter's *Halloween*, the Canadian production *My Bloody Valentine* offers us a spectacle of starlets being brutally slaughtered by a homecoming homicidal maniac. This time the story is set in a mining town and the pre-credit sequence is a kinky encounter between a push-up bra and a pickaxe. Although shopworn—witness *Prom Night*, *Mother's Day* and the other red-stained photocopies—the basic formula is still as solid as it was in Hitchcock's 1942 *Shadow of a Doubt* and it is likely that there are successful variations to come.

Unfortunately, nothing awaits the viewer of *My Bloody Valentine* but a series of shock cuts and ketchup-dripping props interspersing what seems like a very long Molson's TV commercial. Director George Mihalka's male-bonding routines not only fail to obscure the Nova Scotia location but manage to insult the province's population. These people seem so witless that by the time the laundromat lady, dottily played by Patricia Hamilton, rolls cooked to death out of a clothes dryer, we are ready to hope for a swarm of killer bees to shield the cast from further embarrassment. They are asked to feign horror as the film's pilfered, then botched, gimmicks pile up: the body-in-the-freezer from *Rabid*, the girl-on-the-hook from *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre* and the Darth Vader aqualung on the soundtrack. Directing his actors with the same sloppy style as in *Pinball Summer*, but laying on some *Deer Hunter* pretenses, Mihalka arms Neil Affleck with warmed-over Robert De Niro moves; Affleck occasionally forgets and lapses into spasmodic rages.

My Bloody Valentine is well-lighted and shot by Rodney Gibbons, but John Beaird's script conspires with the direction to fail even as passable pulp. The worst mistake was squeezing working-class characters of marrying age into a formula suited to suburban teen-agers. The most tasteless feature of *My Bloody Valentine* is not the excessive gore but the film's condescension. In the end, this isn't even a movie but a failed machine of manipulation. —BART TESTA



At Canada Cement Lafarge we know the value of a strong foundation. We have served the construction industry in Canada for over seventy years manufacturing cement and concrete products.

Lasting foundations have been part and parcel of our thinking. On a broader scale, profits we believe are a foundation that is essential to every Canadian.

Profits attract new investment. A business succeeds or fails according to the health of its profits, and the successful ones don't go unnoticed amongst the financial community.

Every enterprise needs adequate profits in order to renew and expand facilities. The payoff is a product for which we can charge more attractive prices in highly competitive markets at home and abroad.

Competitive pricing generates more business. This, coupled with renewed facilities, creates more jobs, many of which are more challenging than ever before.

Improved facilities plus new jobs provide a continuing and an increased tax base from which governments at every levels supply basic services to all Canadians.

There's much to be said in favour of the free enterprise system. We at Canada Cement Lafarge intend to do just that in this new series of advertisements on PROFITS.

Whether it's the foundation for your new house or a skyscraper, care and thought are essential ingredients.

When it's the foundation of Canada's economy, we believe that care and thought are important too.

Canada Cement Lafarge Ltd.
Corporate Office: 606 Cathcart, Montreal, Que. H3B 1L7
REGIONAL OFFICES: VANCOUVER • CALGARY • TORONTO • MONTREAL • HALIFAX. SALES OFFICES IN ALL MAJOR CANADIAN CITIES

CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE
Maclean's

An Important Message to Our Subscribers

From time to time we make the Maclean's subscriber list available to organizations whose products and services may be of interest to you. These organizations are carefully screened by us, but we feel the decision of whether you receive these offers should be yours.

Most of our subscribers welcome the ides However, if you wish to have your name deleted from lists we make available, simply write to: **Maclean's, P.O. Box 1601, Station A, Toronto, Ontario M5W 2B8.** Please be sure to enclose the address label from your Maclean's magazine and allow six weeks for your request to take effect.

Your No. 1 Account

16%

24 months' notice

- High, stable interest rates
- Danish Kroner
- No Danish taxes
- No fees or charges
- No minimum deposit
- Fully convertible

we also offer you

- 12 % - on 6 months' notice
- 10 % - on demand

1 Finansbanken

F O Box 298 Vesterbrogade 9
DK 1501 Copenhagen V
Denmark

Affiliated Bank
Finanz & Investmentbank AG
F O Box 5023 Stockerstrasse 33
CH 8022 Zurich Switzerland

Family Name
First Name
Street
City
Country
Stac4

When south is north and north is south

When Jerry Franken, associate artistic director of Toronto's NDWT theatre company, approached a senior bureaucrat from Ontario's ministry of northern affairs on a fund-raising mission, he was asked bluntly, "How do I know you're not just another bunch of white do-gooders from the south trying to make it in the north?" But after an hour of persuasion the bureaucrat was convinced of NDWT's commitment to Northern Delights, the theatre company it has founded in Sioux Lookout, 240 km northwest of Thunder Bay. Next week their play *Northshore Run* wraps up a one-month government-sponsored plane tour, having visited more than 20 isolated Northern Ontario communities.





Eric Nagler and Robert Lac Seul in 'Northshore Run' (above); Morris: counterpointing two cultures

The vast majority of the population north of the CNR line running through Sioux Lookout is Indian, and *Northshore Run* quite deliberately sets out to entertain this audience. The play, based on the legend of Ayash, an Ojibwa odyssey myth, follows an Ojibwa artist, Absalom Kiiwaydin (Josiah Charles), who flees on the train, thinking that he has murdered a man at a drunken party. Against a backdrop of lively songs and comic routines, a travelling Indian puppeteer (Doris Linklater), a red-neck American hunter (Craig Gardner) and an egghead astronomer, among others, accompany Absalom on his journey to acquittal and self-realization. Because *Northshore Run* marks the halfway point in the evolution of Northern Delights, from NDWT's initial foray into the North two years ago to its eventual all-native status under artistic director Jim Morris, the play is a curious amalgam of white and Indian culture. The cast is half Indian, half white and several sequences are in Ojibwa, but the script's strong visual humor ensures that there are no real problems for monolinguals of either race.

Although Indian languages have no words for "play" or "acting," the format of Western theatre comes close enough to their religious ceremonies and storytelling traditions so that it doesn't appear culturally alien. In fact, these one-night touring stands, which are eagerly anticipated, do reflect the old ways of Indian storytelling as Morris says, "You have to get everything ready and be prepared to listen for seven or eight hours." However, Morris feels that retelling the old legends in a theatrical format would be redundant since most Indians know them already. He hopes that future scripts from Northern Delights will focus on contemporary issues of immediate concern.

Northshore Run is the third northern play toured by NDWT, a production company that gave up its permanent Toronto theatre last year to devote itself

Ready, set, glow....
with your Health and Beauty Guide
FREE from FLARE
CANADA'S FASHION MAGAZINE



FLARE has created this unique guide to help you custom-design your own body beautiful plan . . . and it's yours FREE when you save on FLARE!

It's here and it's yours — a complete guide to help you get beautifully fit and stay there. In 48 illustrated, fact-filled pages, you'll find make ups and shape ups — easy and fun ways to eat light, play right, look bright and sleep tight — plus much more that will bring out the very best in you.

Get "Beautiful You" FREE with FLARE. See how much better you can look and be — and save!

- **47 fitness exercises**
- **nutrition guide**
- **relaxation hints**
- **lifestyle evaluation**
- **skin, hair & body care**
- **make-up tips**



CANADA'S FASHION MAGAZINE
FLARE
Box 4040 Postal Station A
Willowdale Ontario M2N 6A7

FREE GIFT & SAVINGS COUPON

YES, I'll take my FREE Health/Beauty Guide plus:

☐ **10 issues for $5.97** (reg. $10 at newsstands $7.50 by sub.) and bill me

☐ **20 issues for $10.97** (reg. $20 at newsstands $15 by sub.) and bill me

GET 2 EXTRA ISSUES FREE

☐ I enclose $5.97 for **12** issues plus my FREE Health/Beauty Guide

☐ I enclose $10.97 for **22** issues plus my FREE Health/Beauty Guide

☐ Miss ☐ Ms ☐ Mrs First name Last name

Address Apt

City Prov

TU2113 Postal Code

PR10

Valid only in Canada



Greek ... n Tour st Organization 2 Place
Ville Marie Suite 67 Montreal P Q H3B 2C9

full-time to encouraging indigenous theatre across Canada "There's no excuse for Canada to ignore its northern communities," says Jim Bulier, executive director of the Association for Native Development in the Performing Arts "I wish more companies were like NDWT instead of hiding in their cosy comfortable theatres " The eternal lament of northerners is that southerners don't care about the North because they know nothing about it. NDWT hopes that Northern Delights will eventually tour the south and, as Franken puts it, "tell their stories, make us see, show the government that there really are people up there " The company should also provide encouragement for Indians to acquire theatrical skills and explore possibilities in larger urban centres

Whatever directions Northern Delights takes in the future, the professionalism of this production and the script's affectionate and often poignant counterpointing of two cultures have set standards worth maintaining Through Absalom, Indians avenge some of the white man's injustices suffered by their people, but it is a mild atonement Absalom cuts the hunter down to size by literally winning the shirt off his back in an Indian betting game A more profound lesson in coexistence is taught when Absalom cures the astronomer's stutter by teaching him Ojibwa after they compare interpretations of the stars—where the astronomer sees quasars and black holes Absalom sees myths, but both visions are equally impassioned The play also has the rare ability to appeal to all ages, races and professions, from S M Cummings, the publisher of the Sioux Lookout *Daily Bulletin* ("fast-moving, humorous and quite enjoyable") to six-year-old Maeengan Linklater ("I liked the part where the hunter takes his clothes off") For all too brief a time, south is north and north is south in the hope that someday the twain shall meet.

—MARK CZARNECKI

Staging games and playing off

Refusing medication and playing in pain, injured team captain Phil Savath led his International White Men's Union to victory over the Impulse team last month in the senior division of Vancouver's first Valentine's Day Theatresports Tournament. Perspiring freely through his tuxedo, 34-year-old Savath, who looks like a cross between Harpo and Groucho Marx, lauded his team "We just banded together and held them off " The White Men won in overtime with a *Death in a Minute* scene that electrified the packed



PAUL LITTLE

Savath he acts, he bows, he scores

150-seat City Stage theatre Peter Anderson portrayed a magician whose attempts to hypnotize a brain surgeon, nicely underplayed by team-mate David Petersen, fatally backfire The three judges, actors themselves, awarded the effort 10 points, bringing the final score to 84-81 for the White Men

Since its Vancouver debut last spring, theatresports has had crowds lining up every Friday night to see oddly attired teams compete in a strange but lively blend of stage and sport Concocted by University of Calgary drama professor Keith Johnstone, this hybrid spectacle has a 10 team league in Calgary and eight teams in fledgling Vancouver (Similar versions are practised in Ottawa, Toronto and Montreal) Divided into two 20-minute periods, the game is overseen by a referee who issues challenges to the teams Taking the floor in turns, they have seconds to better each other, tumbling through B-movie scenes, impromptu Shakespeare and slow-motion routines Penalties are given for offences such as gratuitous obscenity When they are hot they can pump their fans as full of adrenaline as any Stanley Cup final

"It doesn't always work, but when it does *nothing* is more invigorating," says Colleen O'Neil, 29, captain of Vancouver's Micks For underworked actors such as O'Neil, the game is a way of keeping sharp between jobs As word of the players' calibre has spread, casting agents have started attending matches But for Savath, a founder of Toronto's improvisational Homemade Theatre who moved west to screenwrite, theatresports is played strictly for the rush Competing in the Valentine's tournament with pulled shoulder muscles and dislocated neck vertebrae suffered in racketball, he eschewed painkillers for fear they would dull his mind Flushed with victory, he beamed, "I didn't feel a thing " —JOHN MASTERS

AT RODEWAY INNS,
YOU'RE WORTH WAITING FOR.



With an American Express Card Assured Reservation, there's a room waiting even if you arrive hours late.

The hour's late. And so are you. But if you asked for an Assured Reservation℠ at Rodeway, there's a room waiting. And that holds true at more than 150 Rodeway Inns.

Assured Reservations are just one more reason you'll enjoy Rodeway, your coast-to-coast business host. Clean, spacious rooms and crisp attention make Rodeway Inns the surprising new word for hospitality.

For an Assured Reservation at Rodeway, call 800-228-2000. If your plans change, just call Rodeway before 6 p.m. (their time) for a cancellation number so you won't be billed.

If a room is unavailable when you arrive, Rodeway will pay for your room at a comparable hotel, transportation there, and a telephone call.

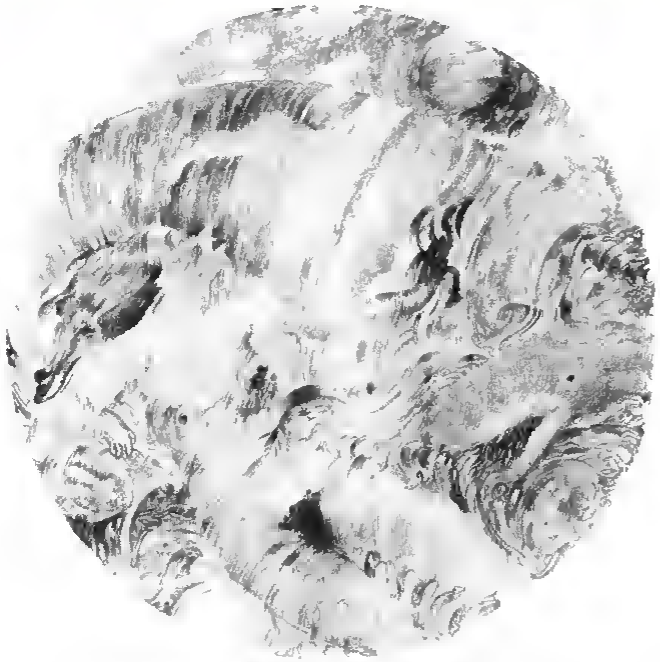
Remember, with an American Express Card Assured Reservation, you're worth waiting for.℠

Rodeway, okay!℠



The American Express® Card. Don't leave home without it.℠

A lusty salute to the erotic



'The Birth of Newfoundland', more fun kicking up her heels than picking fights

By Joan Murray

When Joyce Wieland's first exhibition, *The War Between the Sexes*, opened in 1957 at Toronto's Isaacs Gallery, her black-and-white cartoons were raunchy portraits of the battle of the bedroom. Twenty-four years later, back at the same gallery with her first show of new works in nearly 10 years, Wieland makes one thing quite clear a truce has been called. *The Bloom of Matter*, part one (part two will be shown in October), is as blatant and sensual as ever, but Wieland, the earth mother of Canadian art, is obviously having more fun kicking up her heels than picking fights.

Sophisticated and lovingly detailed, the content of this show is unlike the work of Wieland's Mad Hatter days (such as neo-Dada airplane collages) or even her later paintings and quilts (she farmed out the construction of all of them, including the famous *Reason Over Passion*). Wieland has carefully orchestrated her scene, having the viewer enter a shell-pink bower carved out of the gallery's austere space from which there seems to be only a rainbow shimmer radiating from the tiny oval pictures. Closer inspection reveals a tumult of writhing bodies, all nude. Men and women, goddesses and animals, revolve in a molten dance, flying through the air or lining the tops of the drawings, sometimes upside down. *The One Above Waits for Those Below* is painted in layers: a deer beside a god patting a duck sitting on a grassy knoll above, people in sexual poses, birds, deer, rabbits and a snake below. The drawings are delicate, drawn in pale prismatic tints, a rainbow—a characteristic of her drawings of the past three years—appears repeatedly. There are penises and rounded buttocks, in *The Bloom of Lovers* and *Victory of Venus*, lovers copulate. The rapture in these drawings is tender and sensuous but not too sweet.

Joyce Wieland's first show in 10 years is as blatant as ever

Always an ardent nationalist and ecologist, Wieland now seems enamored of some cosmic fantasy. In *The Birth of Newfoundland*, with its lush goddess balancing on a wave beside a baby whale, she seems to be creating her own mythology. Deer and rabbits abound, with flowers, pine woods and the sickle moon; in *The Death of Love*, a sow with a sly expression holds a daffodil thoughtfully in her mouth. Wieland even includes herself as a Greek goddess in *My Dream as a Young Girl Fulfilled Today*, crowned with a diadem of flowers, her expression noncommital. Her full, bottom-heavy figure also appears in *The Venus of Kapuskasing*, throwing her arms in the air, jumping for joy.



BRIAN WILLER/MACLEAN'S

Wieland creating her own mythology

The only Canadian woman ever to have a retrospective at the National Gallery of Canada, Wieland has always been a bold force in Canadian art. Her earlier works, such as *Time Machine Series* (1961) in the Art Gallery of Ontario collection, used the techniques of staining and drip common to Toronto artists of the period, but Wieland introduced female sexuality in the giant, radiating womb shape. Penises were attached to its outside wall and one inside the sack, in a patch representing menstrual blood. *Heart-on* (1962), in the National Gallery collection, is a typical Toronto collage of the time, with cutout hearts scattered over a linen sheet. But the red ink poured over the cloth suggests birth, sex, blood and death.

Sex has long been a major interest of Wieland's—in Grade 8 she drew, and sold, smutty imitations of *Smiling Jack* comic books. In *The Bloom of Matter*, two bronze sculptures from 1971 are on view: *The Spirit of Canada Suckles the French and English Beavers*, with beavers feeding at the breasts of a reclining nude, and *Nature Study*, showing a bear having intercourse with a woman. The sculptures convey a similar message as the paintings, but without the happy effect of Wieland's color they seem earthbound, rough drafts for her heavenly vision.

At first glance, *The Bloom of Matter* seems trifling; the sweetness and light is cloying, even annoying. But for all their pastel "lightweight" prettiness, these drawings are assertive and pack quite a punch. There is an urgency about the work, a fierce lust for life. This is a middle-aged woman's salute to eroticism and the message is clear: do what you feel is best and be open about sex. At 50, Wieland is having a whale of a time. ☆



Jack Daniel Distillery Named a National Historic Place by the United States Government

AT THE JACK DANIEL DISTILLERY, we fill vats like these with hard maple charcoal to make our whiskey uncommonly smooth.



After charcoal mellowing, aging

For over 110 years, we've done something special to our whiskey. We "charcoal mellow" it before aging. That means every drop must filter through a vat of hard maple charcoal ten feet deep—a process that takes many days. But the results are worth it: a flavor smooth enough to win five gold medals in whiskey competitions all over the world. Once you try Jack Daniel's, we believe you'll appreciate its charcoal mellowed smoothness.





If you'd like a booklet about Jack Daniel's Whiskey, write us a letter here in Lynchburg, Tennessee 37352, U.S.A.

COLUMN

John Turner saves Joe Clark



Jiggle-politics dictate that Joe Was gets a temporary reprieve

By Allan Fotheringham

Wow, Dr. Fotheringham, am I ever glad to bump into you.

Elucidate to me the specificity, if not the totality, of your ignorance.

Well, gee, I'm all confused about this Conservative party decision to stick with Joe Clark.

Quite simple. The Tories, who are famous for eating their old, have grown nervous about their reputation. They therefore, holding their noses so to speak, have decided to prove their mature responsibility by sticking with a man who is batting 500, having stumbled into one victory and having blown the unnecessary next.

So that means they have full faith in Clark?

No, almost none. Joe Was remains a hiccup of history. What the Tories are signalling is that they are confirming Joe now so they can dump him in 18 months.

I'm sorry. I'm still confused.

Not to feel bad, so are the Progressive Conservatives, otherwise known as the forward-backward party. They have this deep-dish belief, you see, that Joe is actually non-electable, but they can't see the advantage of changing leaders now.

Why is that?

Because they're trying to outguess and wait out the Liberals. The reigning theory in the political science back rooms is that the party that comes up with the newest leader before an election is the surest winner.

Why is that?

Because the public capacity for boredom is greatly tested these days, what with media overkill and the insatiable TV demand for the 30-second clip to flesh out the nightly injection of instant news. If jiggle-shows can last only two seasons, can politicians be far behind? The late Mr. McLuhan, God rest his message, explained it all. If *Charlie's Angels* can get the chop, what chance for a long-run Joe Clark?

You're still boggling me. So why are they keeping him?

Because, dummy, they don't want him in the long run. They're petrified of John Turner.

Where does he come in?

He came in, actually, about the time he danced with Princess Margaret. But the Tories feel—as do most Liberals—that he will be the next Liberal leader when the next election comes about. They don't want to waste a new leader to the jiggle theory—trampled to death by geese on the instant news—over the next few years.



You mean . . . ?

Exactly. Their vows of fidelity to Joe last week were actually vows to cannon fodder. The whole pitch of the Clark insiders to key delegates was that if he was confirmed this time, he promises to put his body on the line in 18 months.

You mean . . . ?

Right. Elect me now and you can dump me later.

I'm going to have to collect myself a bit. That doesn't sound to me like the rational decision of a grown-up political party.

I think you've got it. By George, I think you've got it. The Tories are so unused to victory, having tasted it so seldom, they are like a debutante who has nibbled at vodka only twice, and that late at night. They don't know how to handle it. They're petrified of Liberal expertise, the Liberals having tasted liberally everything from bourbon to lighter fluid squeezed through a sock.

So where are we at the moment?

Where we are is that the Tories figure that Turner will be anointed the next Liberal pooh-bah in a couple of years. They want to wait that out (remembering how their new-face Stanfield was wiped out by newer-face Trudeau) and then come rushing forward with their replacement for Joe.

Wouldn't it make more sense to do the honest thing now—acknowledge that the party really believes Joe has the oratorical staying power of Farrah Fawcett—and get down to the serious business of blooding a new man? Or woman? Or person?

We're not talking about sense. We're talking about politics. If sense had anything to do with it, would a B-grade actor who once got into bed with a chimpanzee be running the world? Get serious.

So you mean that's why John Crosbie and David Crombie and Michael Meighen and all those others in the waiting room were so fulsome (somewhat less so in Crombie's case) in their praise of the sitting duck at the convention?

Right on. Fred Allen once said that all the integrity in Hollywood would fill a gnat's navel with room left over for an agent's heart. That same feeling imbued the proceedings in Ottawa last week.

There's just one thing that puzzles me. I thought John Turner backed away the last time. Are you sure he wants it?

Is the Pope Polish?

I'm sorry. So here we have the Tories pretending to confirm a chap they don't really want and the Liberals waiting to confirm a chap who says he doesn't really want it.

You're coming around to the beginning of wisdom.

And just one final thing to complete the equation. When did you say Mr. Trudeau was going to retire?

That's simple—1989.

Allan Fotheringham is a columnist for Southam News.

THE WORLD'S EXPERIENCED IT.
NOW YOU TOO CAN.

Sharp Carousel™
Microwave Ovens



For the very best in your kitchen choose from one of Sharp's family of five different models of Sharp Carousel™ Microwave Ovens.

Big family or small. Whether defrosting or preparing a gourmet meal. Sharp's family of microwave ovens make it simple and easy.

Twenty years of experience and dedication to quality goes into building every machine. And with Sharp microwaves you get to choose from a variety of options and features that others have copied but have yet to equal. From the Sharp Carousel™ to the Browning Element, Variable Cooking to the Auto-Touch™, you can count on Sharp Carousel™ Microwave Ovens to make cooking a more enjoyable experience.

For more information just write Sharp or see a demonstration at your local Sharp Dealer.

Sharp Carousel™ Microwave Ovens. The world's experienced it. Now you too can.

SHARP

SHARP ELECTRONICS OF CANADA
116 GALAXY BLVD., REXDALE, ONTARIO M9W 4Y6 TELEPHONE (416) 675-7244

For a free recipe booklet w... Ste. Pierre Smirnoff (Cana... P.Q. Bo... ...to W...





Snow Ball.



Smirnoff

LEAVES YOU BREATHLESS®